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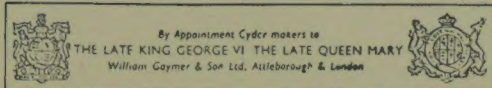


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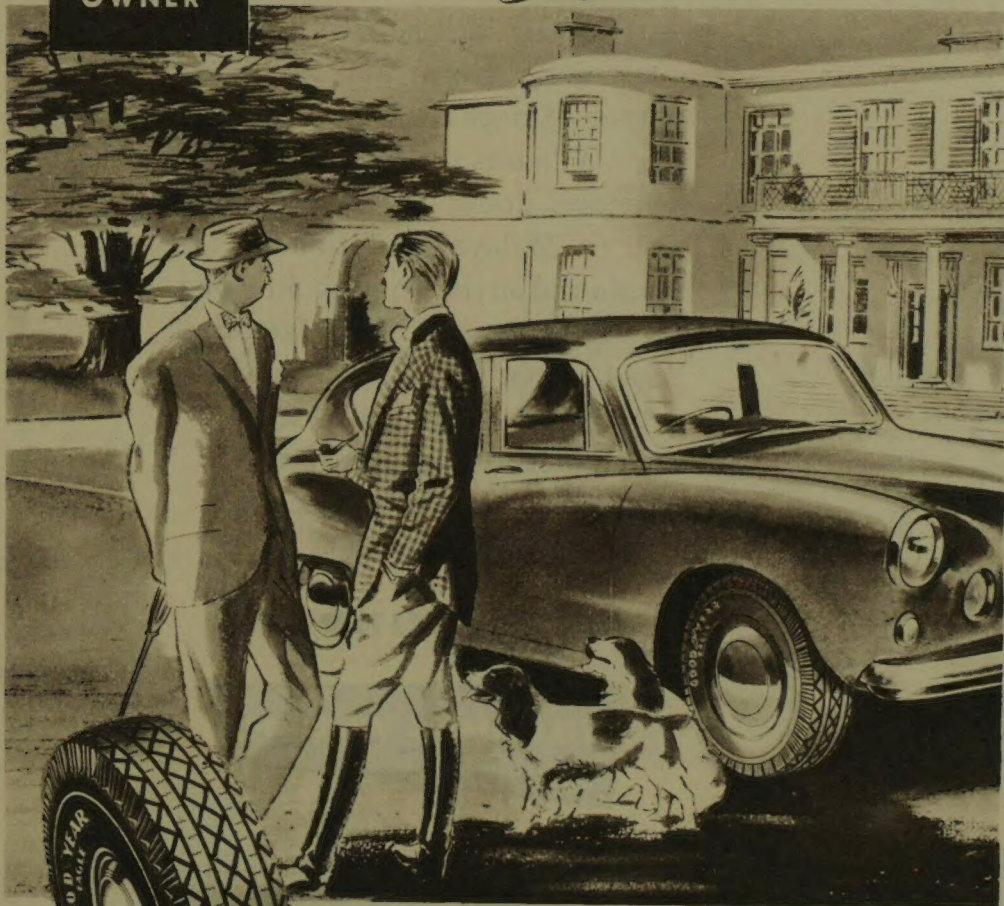
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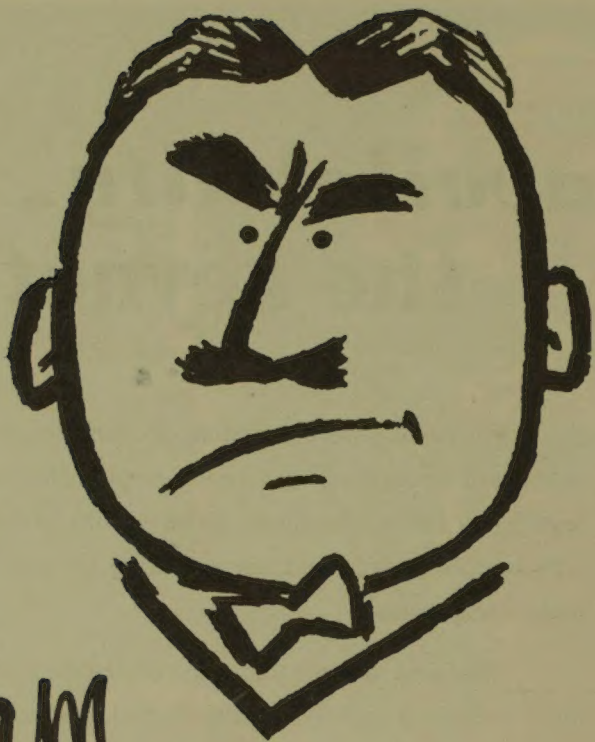
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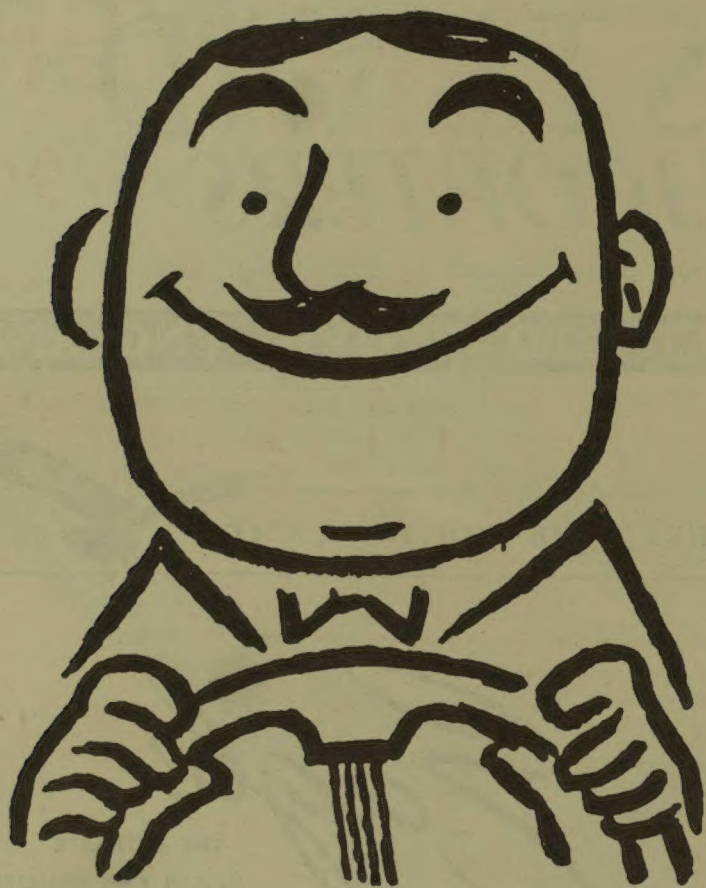
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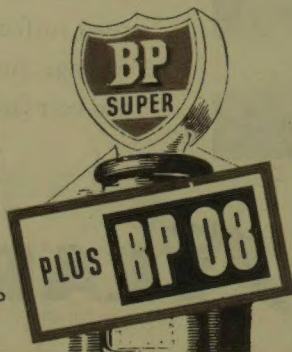
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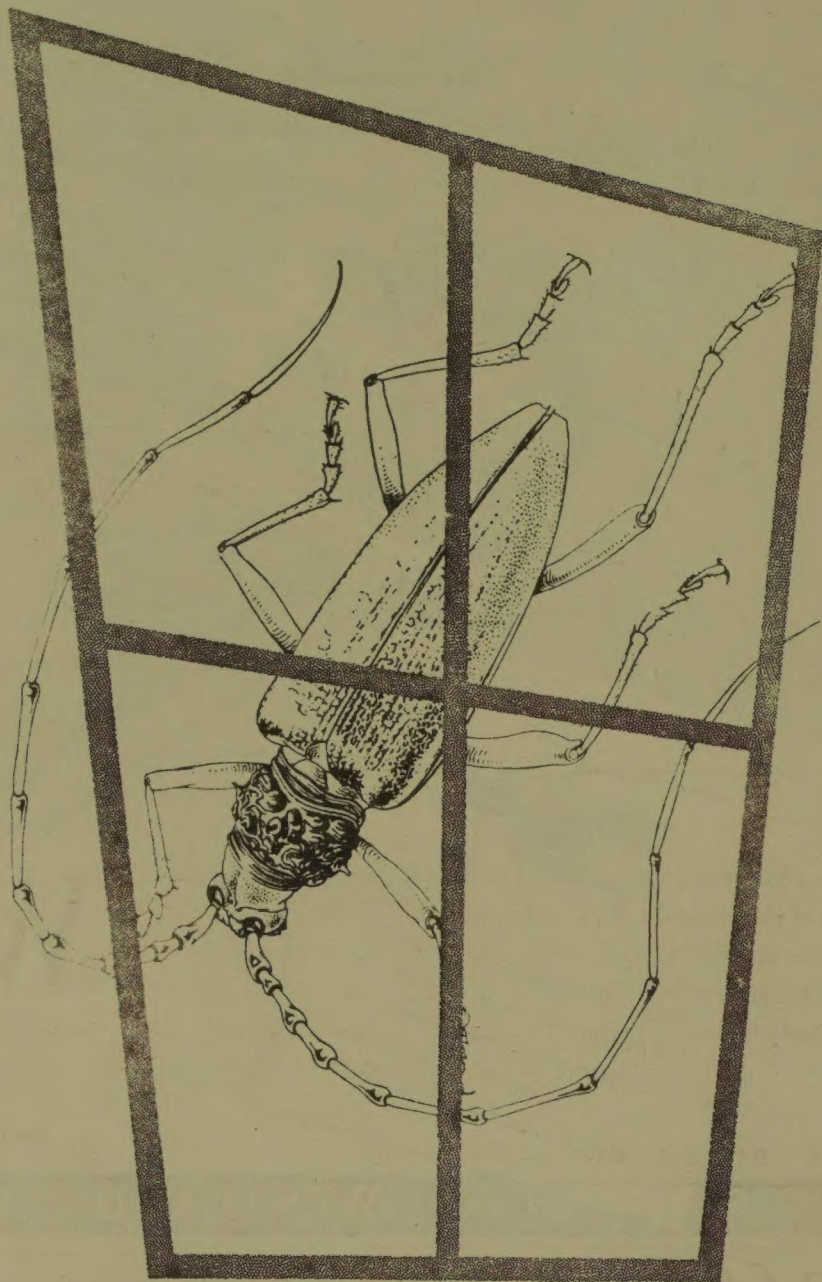
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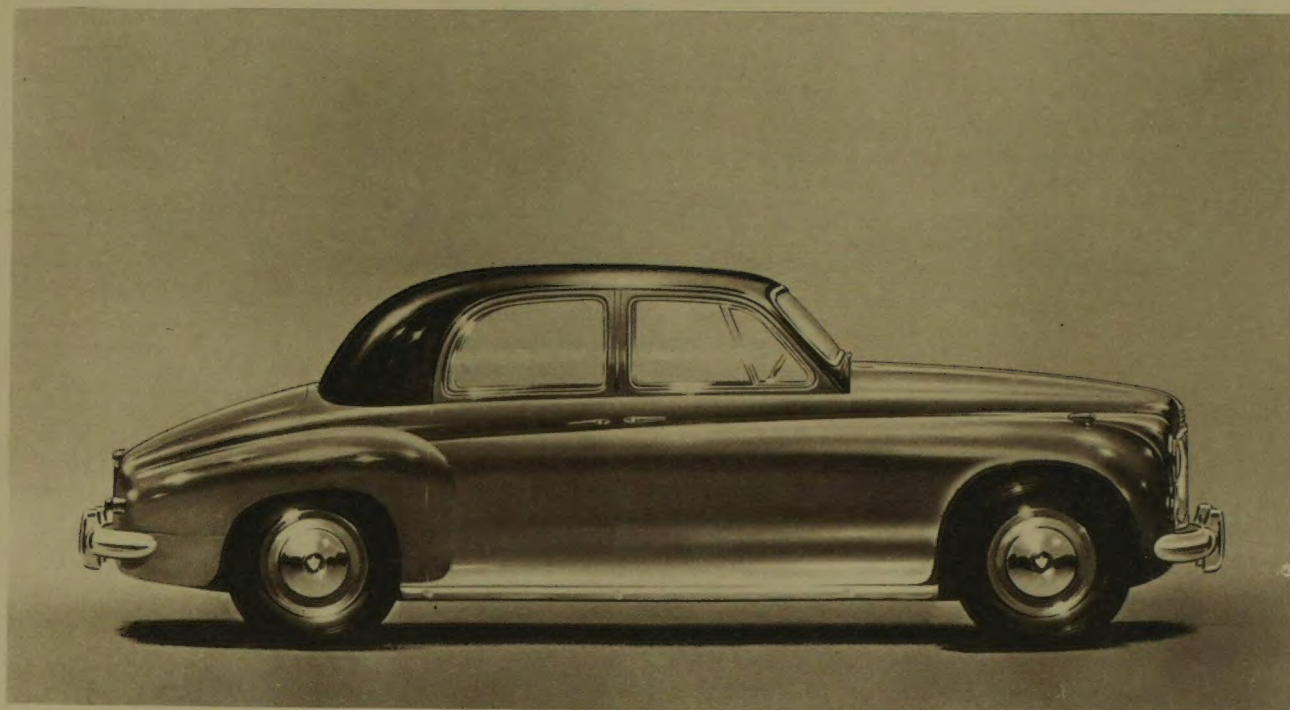
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SEPTEMBER

THE NOMADS

Partridge-shooting and the academic year begin in September; camping, for most practical purposes, ends. Tents, it must be accepted, have some disadvantages. They defy the best directed efforts to erect them, the guy ropes can seldom be adjusted to a nicety, and once up they tend to exert on cows a fascination which must, one suspects, be morbid. Their charm, to which the British holiday-maker is increasingly susceptible, lies in the extreme flexibility which they confer on his strategy; they give him the enviable status of a nomad.

Used (as they largely are in the army) in a static role, tents are inconvenient billets; the Territorial seldom feels affection for the symmetrical acres of canvas on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere—although at the end of a tiring night operation he returns to roost there as happily as a homing pigeon. But a tent of one's own gives a sense of freedom and independence, which is not altogether illusory. There are, of course, moments when its occupants, even if they will not admit it to each other, would gladly exchange it for some less impermanent accommodation; when, as the rain drums loudly on the roof, visions of the Hotel de l'Univers or the Anglers' Arms float in the darkness with an irresistible allure. But the next morning things generally seem not quite so intolerable. There is the positive satisfaction of an ordeal survived and a confident feeling that the next night things will be different.



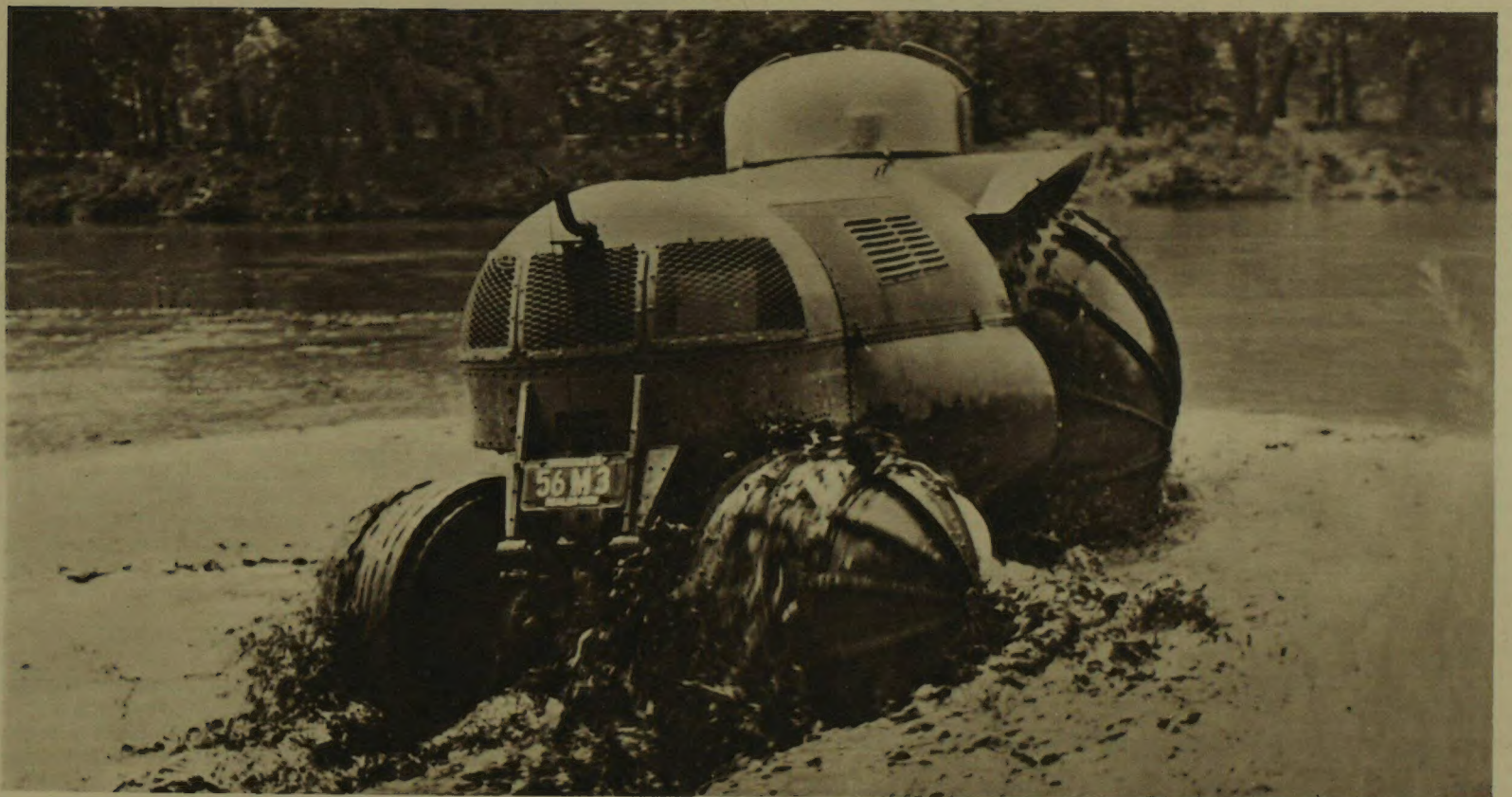
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1954.



THE "RHINO," A NEW VEHICLE WHOSE METHOD OF TRACTION REPRESENTS THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN WHEELS FOR A THOUSAND YEARS—ROLLING THROUGH SAND (TOP PHOTOGRAPH) AND WATER (LOWER).

The "Rhino," invented by Mr. Elie Aghnides, was demonstrated in Indianapolis on August 26. Its wheels, of spun aluminium, resembling halves of huge spheres with ribs radiating from the hubs, enable it to roll over swamps, cross sand or water, and proceed along roads. For road work, rubber treads near the edge of the wheels are used. The wheels are set at a slight angle to the massive chassis, and the "Rhino" can be canted to

an angle of 75 degs. without overturning. A speed of 45 m.p.h. has been achieved with an engine of 110 h.p. (American rating), but with a more powerful engine it is believed that a road speed of 80 m.p.h. would be possible. When the "Rhino" takes to the water a hydro jet unit provides the power and it can proceed at 5 m.p.h. The inventor believes it to be the successor to slow-moving tanks and tractor-equipped vehicles.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Crichel Down official Report, or, to give it its full name, the "Public Inquiry ordered by the Ministry of Agriculture into the disposal of land at Crichel Down," is a melancholy document. I will not say that it shakes one's faith in human nature, for it is unrealistic to suppose that human nature is other than it is. But it certainly shakes one's faith in the internal workings of the British Civil Service and in the present-day operation of the rules that have been evolved over many years to secure efficient, honourable and disinterested administration. The object of those rules has been to prevent, so far as possible, the imperfections and frailties of human nature from impeding and perverting the course of public business. In the past we have justly taken great pride as a nation in the successful operation of those rules, and our Civil Service has been free to a most remarkable degree, not only from corruption—as it still is—but from the arrogance, lust for power, petty persecution and misrepresentation of opponents which so often seems attendant on the endowment of that imperfect creature, man, with a "little brief authority." To-day, for all our continued pride in that Service and its many great virtues, it seems from the Report that those rules are not always operating in the way that they used to do.

For what is so depressing about the Report, and humiliating to any Englishman who prides himself on his country's institutions, is that, not just one or two, but a whole chain of officials, employed in different capacities in the public service, should have lent themselves, apparently as a matter of routine, to what amounted in the aggregate to a deception both of the public and of the Ministers of the Crown and to the dissemination through official channels of statements which they must either have known to be inaccurate or which a little elementary trouble and care would have shown them to be so. There seems no reason to suppose that the officials whose departmental and inter-departmental activities have been thus suddenly exposed to public scrutiny were in any way exceptional; there is reason, indeed, to think, as these unfortunate gentlemen no doubt themselves think, that they were most unlucky in having their departmental activities signalled out for public examination, and, in so far as they have received censure, for censure. They were merely doing, it appears, what public officials can normally do to-day without question or censure and which no doubt they find it easy to justify—for human nature, given untrammelled power, always justifies itself—on the ground that those who act in the name of the public, must necessarily be right in whatever they do. Indeed, the public good—the interests of what is called efficient farming and increased food-production—was constantly on the lips and pens of those whose aggregate official action built up the deplorable story of waste, muddle and shabby dealing that will now go down to history under the name of Crichel Down. I am not suggesting that all the official personages, high and low—and some were very high in the official hierarchy indeed—who figured in the Inquiry were equally guilty of the faults and errors revealed by it or that all of them were guilty of any offence at all. But the chain of responsibility was a long and continuous one, and I have read no document for a long time more calculated to depress. For if this is at all symptomatic of the way our public affairs are being conducted by those who are paid and trusted to conduct them, we are clearly as a nation in for a very bad time.

One of the ostensible objects of our present vast public administrative service, which since 1939 has immensely increased its size, and its slow and elaborate machinery of incessant consultation and paper documentation, is to ensure that the facts on which public decisions are taken are as accurately presented and familiar to all parties to such decisions as they can conceivably be made. Among the inaccuracies and misrepresentations contained in the various official reports and communications on which action was taken in the comparatively trivial affair of settling the future of 725 acres of compulsorily purchased Dorset downland were the following, though it is only fair to add that the junior official whose Report contained several of them, being himself kept in blinkers by his superiors, was in no sense to blame. That the bulk of the land had been voluntarily sold instead of compulsorily acquired; that at the time of its purchase five-sixths of it was virgin downland covered with scrub and gorse and infested with rabbits;

that it had never been under the plough; that its unrestricted sale value in 1950 was £7500 instead of about £20,000; that the existing buildings on adjoining land from which it had been farmed before the war were totally inadequate for the acreage in question; that those who had formerly owned the land had neither the will nor the ability to farm it when they were well known in the neighbourhood to be excellent and highly experienced farmers; that there were grave legal doubts whether the Minister of Agriculture had the power to sell land acquired by him when such power had been expressly granted by the Agriculture Act, 1947; that the tenant officially selected by the Commissioners of Crown Lands had been chosen after a great deal of enquiry by the local Crown receiver, when in reality no other tenant had ever been considered by that agent despite the fact that there had been several admirable earlier applicants to whom official promises of consideration had been made. Many of these inaccurate and tendentious statements were, moreover, directly at variance with facts accurately set out in earlier official reports and communications which, had public business been properly conducted, could have been easily ascertained and made available to everyone concerned. As a result of these inaccuracies and of the official decision taken on the strength of them, a sum of £34,000 of public money—in addition to a further apparently unnecessary and unjustifiable sum of £1624 paid to the selected tenant in respect of "dilapidations"—has now to be spent in equipping the land with buildings and installations in return for a rent of about £2100 per annum, though an earlier offer was received from one applicant to rent the bare land unequipped for £2000 per annum and another applicant—the former owner of part of it—had offered in turn to buy it back and, when this was refused, to rent it and farm it from his existing holding as a single unit (the declared official objective) with little or no new permanent equipment. And to crown this dismal story of muddle, carelessness, inefficiency and waste, two high officials of two different Government Departments wrote letters in which they intimated that, while it was not intended to allow any but one man the chance of securing the tenancy, it was desirable to give those who had earlier been promised a chance of tendering an appearance—that is, a false appearance—of "implementing any past promises." Compared with all this, the much publicised question of whether a landowner should be given a right to buy back land compulsorily acquired when that land is no longer required by the State seems to me of minor importance.

Yet by far the most alarming feature of the whole business is its revelation of the complete helplessness of the subject against official injustice and misrepresentation. It was only the accident—a million to one chance—of one of the wronged and misrepresented parties being a rich, very resolute and influential landowner, with the courage and energy to fight the matter to the end regardless of cost, that brought all these petty irregularities to the light of day. There must be thousands of others who have had to endure similar and worse injustice without a chance of redress, and we can be quite sure that, unless Parliament does something about it, there will be thousands more. It is Parliament that has placed the subject at the mercy of the official, acting in secret and in unrestrained power, and it is Parliament that can alone restore to the subject his fundamental and historic right of appeal to the law and to justice. "The capital revelation of the Crichel

Down enquiry," the Professor of Law at Cambridge University has told us on the wireless, "is how entirely defenceless the normal citizen is in England to-day against a Ministry acting within the ambit of its enormous powers: powers which give to a single Ministry a more arbitrary dominion over our liberties and our property than was ever claimed by any Stuart king." "What we, the subjects, want," Professor Hamson continued in words which ought to receive the consideration of every legislator, "is a remedy. We require the redress of such of our grievances as may by impartial enquiry be found to be just. We demand the possibility of justice even against a Government department acting within the ambit of its powers. . . . The provision of that remedy is the peremptory demand of our times." *

THE DEATH OF THE BRAZILIAN PRESIDENT.



FOUND SHOT THROUGH THE HEART IN HIS APARTMENTS AT THE PALACE, RIO DE JANEIRO, ON AUGUST 24: PRESIDENT GETULIO VARGAS.

President Vargas of Brazil was found dying by his son, on August 24, having apparently shot himself in the heart. The tragedy was discovered shortly after he had agreed to relinquish the Presidency for three months—a formula generally believed to indicate his permanent resignation of power. Later a letter he had left was broadcast by official wireless. In this he referred to the machinations of foreign interests allied with certain Brazilian interests bent on preventing the emancipation of the masses and concluded "I gave you my life, now I give you my death. . . my name shall be a flag for your struggle. . . I leave life to enter history." Dr. Vargas was seventy-one; and had been the leading figure in Brazilian politics for over twenty years. In 1930 after his defeat in the presidential elections he seized power, and ruled as a dictator till 1945, when he was overthrown. Later he ran for a seat in the Senate, and in the elections of 1950 returned to power with a large majority. He carried out an extensive economic and development programme including the introduction of social legislation. The political crisis which ended in his death developed early in August when an opposition movement to force his resignation grew, and came to a head with the attempt to assassinate a prominent opposition newspaper editor, in which members of the President's personal bodyguard were alleged to have been implicated.

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* The Listener, August 19, 1954. C. J. Hamson, "The Real Lesson of Crichel Down."



THE "SHANGRI-LA" OF THE NEW GUINEA HIGHLANDS: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF LIVANI VALLEY, THE LAND-LOCKED VALLEY WHICH MR. J. O. ZEHNDER WAS THE FIRST WHITE MAN TO ENTER, SHOWING A GROUP OF THE FRIENDLY NATIVES, WITH THEIR HUGE, WIG-LIKE HEAD-DRESSES.



IN THE "LOST VALLEY": SOME OF MR. ZEHNDER'S CARRIERS AND ESCORT INSIDE THE VALLEY, WHICH LIES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS AND IS CUT OFF BY HIGH LIMESTONE ESCARPMENTS. ONE OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND. THE PARTY STAYED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN THE VALLEY AND GIFTS WERE EXCHANGED WITH THE NATIVES.

THE WORLD'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF NEW GUINEA'S "SHANGRI-LA," AND ITS BEWIGGED INHABITANTS.

In June an aerial survey was made by the Australian Administration of New Guinea and Papua of certain unadministrated districts of the Tari and Strickland Gorge districts; and particular interest was aroused by the news that the country surveyed included a "lost valley," a land-locked "Shangri-la" among the mountains—a valley obviously fertile, well-cultivated and well-populated. Aerial photographs of this valley, with its strangely romantic appeal, appeared in our issue of July 10, together with an article by Miss K. Vellacott-Jones on the neighbouring Tari peoples. It later became known that at about the same time a ground party had been over the same country, this party being a geological survey group, acting on behalf of the Australasian Petroleum Company and led by

Mr. J. O. Zehnder, and accompanied by an escort led by an Assistant District Officer, Mr. Desmond Clancy. The whole party travelled through much previously unexplored country where the white man had never trod; and Mr. Zehnder was invited into the Livani Valley by an elderly native landowner in the valley. This native sent his son to guide Mr. Zehnder and the friendliest relations were established during Mr. Zehnder's twenty-four-hour stay in the valley, gifts being exchanged and points of interest freely shown. On his departure from the Livani Valley several of the Livani natives accompanied him to see the other Europeans, and also to visit friends in the area in which the main party was camped. [Photographs by courtesy of the Australian Administration of New Guinea and Papua.]



A SIGN OF THE CONFIDENCE AND FRIENDLINESS WITH WHICH THE SURVEY PARTY WAS RECEIVED: WOMEN OF THE DUNA TRIBES NEAR THE LIVI VALLEY COMING IN TO ONE OF THE CAMPS WITH LOADS OF FOOD. NORMALLY, THE WOMEN ARE KEPT HIDDEN IN THE JUNGLE. THEY WEAR GRASS SKIRTS, NO "WIGS" AND FEW ORNAMENTS.



NATIVES OF THE PREVIOUSLY UNEXPLORED COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY THE SURVEY PARTY, WITH, IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, A NATIVE CONSTABLE. IN THE CENTRE A SITTING MAN HOLDS A STONE AXE, WHILE (LEFT) ANOTHER CARRIES A BONE DAGGER IN HIS BELT. ALL WEAR "WIGS" OF GREAT ELABORATION.

MAKING THEIR FIRST CONTACT WITH THE WORLD OF THE WHITE MAN: DUNA TRIBESMEN AND

In our issue of July 10, as mentioned on the previous page, we reproduced aerial photographs of a "lost valley," a land-locked "Shangri-la" among the New Guinea highlands; and since then reports have circulated of a people entirely cut off from the world, living as it were in a "pre-atomic Eden." Since then, however, it has transpired that a ground patrol has circulated through this country and has even visited this "lost valley"; and it is the photographs taken by this party that we are privileged to reproduce above and on the previous page. The party, primarily a geological survey party, led

by Mr. J. O. Zehnder for the Australasian Petroleum Company, was accompanied by an experienced Assistant District Officer, Mr. Desmond Glancy, with an escort of native constables; and the opportunity was taken of making contacts with native peoples in unadministered country. These peoples had heard of the existence of white men and were given due notice of their approach; and turned out in great quantities to welcome them, to exchange gifts and to trade food, notably sweet potatoes, for the pearl shell and cowries which these mountain tribes especially prize. These natives who amongst

Photographs by courtesy of the Australian



TRADING FOR FOOD WITH THE NATIVES OF THE NEWLY-EXPLORED COUNTRY: THE INTERPRETER, WHO IS MAKING PAYMENT, WAS UNTIL TWO YEARS AGO A FORMIDABLE "FIGHT LEADER" IN THE TARI COUNTRY; AND HAS NOW BECOME ONE OF THE ADMINISTRATION'S MOST EFFECTIVE RIGHT-HAND MEN.



MEN OF THE DUNA TRIBES IN THE DISTRICTS NEAR THE "LOST VALLEY." THEIR WIG HEAD-DRESSES ARE OF HUMAN HAIR AND FUR AND ARE DECORATED SOMETIMES WITH GREEN LEAVES, EAGLES' WINGS AND YELLOW AND PURPLE EVERLASTING DAISIES SPECIALLY GROWN FOR THE PURPOSE. THE NECKLACES ARE OF SHELLS.

WOMEN OF THE REGION OF NEW GUINEA'S "SHANGRI-LA," PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

themselves are known as the "Duna" tribes, are a very warlike people, intermittently engaged in tribal clashes. The men never move from their hamlets without their weapons—bows and arrows, stone axes and bone daggers and when the women are at work in the food gardens the men stand by on guard against a sudden attack, or an ambush between the hamlets and the gardens. As the survey party approached, the tribes called a voluntary truce among themselves so that everyone could see the strangers and visit the camps. But natives from hamlets distant from the camp arrived in a

body and left in a compact party. The news of the party's arrival was given to the tribe on the fringe of new country and relayed by "bush telegraph," local gossip and talk from boundary to boundary, right through the entire valley system. They were very eager for trade and were keenly aware of the advantages of steel axes and knives over the Stone Age tools which they normally use. The people of the "lost valley" were of the same type as those outside and used the same sort of cultivation methods: growing sugar-cane, sweet potatoes and other crops.

Administration of New Guinea and Papua.

ART ADVENTURERS IN PARIS.

"MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS"; By R. H. WILENSKI.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS is the third edition, and seventh impression, of a book first published in February 1940: that is, during that period which was described by the sort of journalists who are frantic if we don't kill and get ourselves killed in order that they shall have something to report daily, as the period of the "Phoney War." The second edition came out in



"FEMME ASSISE TENANT UN LIVRE, 1932"; BY PABLO PICASSO.

"Picasso has been unquestionably the most arresting phenomenon in the art world from 1920 to the present day. Conspicuous... since 1901, he became still more conspicuous in the 'twenties and 'thirties.' This work is one of the series of 'semi-Cubist rhythmic pictures in 'stained glass' technique.' (Paris. Paul Rosenberg.)

Illustrations by courtesy of Faber and Faber, the publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

May 1944, shortly before the invasion of Normandy (which involved the killing of several good English artists, including Rex Whistler); it was reprinted in January 1945, when we were involved in our last tussle with the Germans; and it has been periodically reprinted since then. It was so thoroughly well done that it deserved to survive; and, except in one regard, it is as valid a description of the works, and the cultural



"NICE, 1926"; BY RAOUL DUFY, TO WHOSE "BRILLIANT DEXTERITY" MR. WILENSKI REFERS.

Mr. Wilenski writes: "Dufy in this period [the 1920's] has attained to ever more brilliant dexterity, and the vital gaiety of his colour and the engaging lightness of his calligraphic drawing have become more irresistible each year." (Exhibited London, Reid and Lefevre, 1936.)

background and fates of the works which it surveys, as it was when it was first printed. That one exception relates to the present possession of some of the paintings listed. There is evidence that certain alterations have been made in this new edition, so there can be no defence that, owing to the use of old plates, no emendations were possible. I speak only of the owners he

mentions whom I have known. One of them died as long ago as 1931; one a few years after that; and one a year or two ago. Mr. Wilenski, after all his evidently tremendous labours, should not find it difficult to bring his cataloguing job up to date.

"Cataloguing job" is a term I use advisedly; and in a complimentary manner. Mr. Wilenski's dominating desire is to "cover the ground," not to express his own preferences or opinions. He would hardly be human if he did not occasionally disclose enthusiasm for a painter or a picture, or allow it to be seen that he even has a slight distaste for one. But, fundamentally, in this book his intention resembles that of the dictionary-maker, who would certainly not perform his function properly if he omitted words which he disliked or took extra trouble in defining words which he thought melodious. Few indeed must be the painters of any repute at all during the last ninety years who are not at least mentioned in the text, and not very numerous those to whom frequent and ample reference is not made. Mr. Wilenski's survey is assisted by his division of his period into sub-periods, numbers of his artists, of course, appearing in more than one section. He begins with a Prologue (1863-83) "From the *Salon des Refusés* to the death of Manet" to which are sub-joined lives (up to 1883) of Degas, Cézanne, Renoir, Gauguin and Seurat. We are reminded here that the *Salon des Refusés* was held at the suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon III., who quite reasonably suspected that the works rejected by the Salon might well be at least as good as those that were hung though, when the Exhibition of the "rejects" did take place, he was greatly embarrassed, being accompanied by his wife, when he was confronted by Manet's "*Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*," which represents a naked lady having a picnic with fully-dressed gentlemen, which may well have been intended to "*épater les bourgeois*."

After this Prologue we are presented with four Acts. They cover 1884-89, the year of Seurat's death, with the Douanier Rousseau and Toulouse-Lautrec added to the list of those biographized; in Act II., 1892-1903, with five of the former outstanding figures carrying on; Act III., 1904-14, with the Douanier, Renoir, and Degas still surviving and being chronicled; and then, after a war-interlude, dominated by Picasso, Modigliani, Matisse and "Dada" (which future chroniclers may well contemptuously ignore) a fourth Act, 1919 to the Present Day, the outstanding features of which may be indicated by the sub-heading: "Purism, Functionalism, Associationism, Surrealism, Neo-Surrealism; Ozenfant and Jeanneret (Le Corbusier); Chirico and Chagall; Matisse, Dufy, Roualt, Braque; Bombois, Bauchaut, Vivier; Picasso." And, although I know not what relationship many of the events mentioned had to the practice of the arts, Mr. Wilenski accompanies his pictorial narrative with summaries of contemporary history, including such episodes as the Dreyfus Affair and the Panama Scandal. However, he is always readable.

As to how many, or which, of his painters will be remembered or respected by posterity we must leave it to posterity to decide. Most of us, not so dedicated to detachment as Mr. Wilenski, may be unable to help thinking that posterity may take a less enthusiastic view even of Matisse and Picasso than seems general to-day. Mr. Wilenski, I notice, whose illustrations are numerous and impressive, does not exhibit the more extravagant performances of these heroes. Who, otherwise uninstructed, could think that the man who produced the extraordinarily sure and strong drawing of an Athlete could condescend to such ugly absurdities as "Woman in a Fish-Hat," which was only one of many such hung in a show a few years ago at the Victoria and Albert Museum. An odd place, it seemed, to put such things; but the official mind works strangely, had probably a burst of wanting to be thoroughly up-to-date, and only just before that had filled some rooms at the National Gallery, of all places, with

the demented drawings of Paul Klee. About Modigliani, to take another, I may not be unique in having very grave doubts. He was a charming young man. I met him early in 1913. He had come from Italy (I think he was Jewish, but am not sure), was poor, was unrecognized except by brother-artists, and looked as though he had one foot in the grave, which indeed he had. I think it was in his studio that I was offered for £50 an enormous frieze which Gauguin had left behind in a Norman or Breton farmhouse in lieu of

rent. I hadn't fifty pounds; and I certainly had no room half large enough to accommodate the masterpiece. But I was certainly attracted by Modigliani and wished him well. That has never stopped me from being surprised at the extraordinary vogue which he has had during all these years after his death.

Why this rage for portraits of people represented as rivals of the Burmese giraffe-necked women? I can hear somebody replying that he wished to emphasize the neckishness of necks. It may be observed that it is not one of these distortions which Mr. Wilenski chooses to adorn the jacket of his book; nor one of the Cubist diagrams; nor one of the later efforts to put on canvas the aberrations of the subconscious. He selects, rather, Toulouse-Lautrec's portrait of Miss Dolly, the English barmaid at the "Star" in Le Havre. It is almost as conventional as a Greuze and utterly charming. So must the lady have been. But, if fashions here are still followed in Le Havre, her place has by now been taken by a grim-faced Southern Irishman in a white coat.

"French Painting" is, as used here, a very comprehensive term. Pissarro was "son of a Creole mother and a French-Jewish father who owned an ironmongery business at Saint Thomas in the Danish West Indies." The origin of Van Gogh and Van Dongen is made evident in their names. Chirico "was born of Italian parents in Greece." Chagall was born at Vitebsk, in Russia. Picasso is a Spaniard, and the list might be expanded. But perhaps the flocking to Paris is comprehensible. After all, in the late eighteenth century, artists flourishing in England included Zoffany, Angelica Kauffman, Mary Moser, Zuccarelli,



"PIERROT," c. 1929; BY GEORGES ROUAULT, "FUNDAMENTALLY A ROMANTIC REALIST."

"Fundamentally a romantic realist and aiming, above all, at psychological affectivity and drama, Roualt... took rank as a descendant of Rembrandt through Daumier and Van Gogh," in the opinion of Mr. Wilenski. (New York. C. de Hauke.)

Cipriani Bartolozzi, de Louthembourg, and many another immigrant. The rich English were then the leading patrons, and they were to be found in England. The rich Americans are now the chief patrons, and they are to be found in Paris. A convenient spot. A man can buy the latest thing in pictures while his wife buys the latest thing in hats.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 384 of this issue.

* "Modern French Painters. By R. H. Wilenski. (Faber and Faber. 10 plates in Colour and 160 monochrome illustrations; 63s.)

POLITICAL STORM CENTRES: SCENES IN PARIS, ATHENS AND RIO DE JANEIRO.



LISTENING TO THE DEBATE ON THE E.D.C. TREATY WHICH OPENED IN PARIS ON AUGUST 28: MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY WHO HEARD M. MENDES-FRANCE, THE PRIME MINISTER, MAKING A LONG AND DETAILED SPEECH ABOUT THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.

The momentous three-day debate in the French Assembly on the ratification of the E.D.C. Treaty opened on August 28. This photograph of members during the debate includes (front row, l. to r.) M. Reynaud and M. Monteil; (second row) M. Naegelen (behind M. Reynaud), M. Schuman (unidentified member leaning forward) and M. Coste-Floret; (third row) M. Herriot (behind M. Naegelen). At the far upper right-hand corner is M. René Pleven. On August 30 the French National Assembly rejected the European Defence Community. A procedural motion to "pass on to the next business" was carried by 319 votes to 264.



DEMONSTRATING IN FAVOUR OF THE UNION OF CYPRUS WITH GREECE: PART OF THE CROWD OF 100,000 IN ATHENS WHO HEARD ARCHBISHOP SPYRIDON DEMAND ENOSIS.

Police had to use batons and fire-hoses in Athens on August 20 to disperse crowds trying to march on the British Embassy after a demonstration in support of Enosis, the union of Cyprus with Greece. Earlier a crowd numbering some 100,000 heard the Greek Primate, Archbishop Spyridon, demand Enosis. The meeting was one of many held throughout the country on that day to coincide with Greece's formal appeal to the United Nations to intervene in her dispute with Britain over Cyprus. Dr. Fazul Kutchuk, Secretary-General of the Turkish National Party in Cyprus, has sent a telegram to the Secretary-General of the United Nations vehemently rejecting Enosis in the name of 100,000 Cyprus Turks.



DR. VARGAS'S LAST JOURNEY: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF MOURNERS WHO FOLLOWED THE COFFIN ON ITS WAY TO THE AIRPORT AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

On August 25 the body of Dr. Vargas, President of Brazil (details of whose death appear on page 354 beneath a portrait), was taken by air from Rio de Janeiro for private burial in his native town of São Borja, in southern Brazil. Shots had to be fired into the air to clear crowds from the runway before the aircraft could take off. As the vast crowds who had followed the coffin returned towards the centre of the city, they clashed with troops and one man was reported to have been killed and thirty-six injured. [Radio photograph.]



OPENED BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON MONDAY, AUGUST 30 · A VIEW OF THE LARGEST AND NEWEST HYDRAULIC ELECTRIC POWER GENERATING STATION OF THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO AT NIAGARA FALLS, THE SIR ADAM BECK NO. 2 POWER STATION (LEFT), WITH THE OLD POWER STATION ON THE RIGHT.



THE OPENING BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT OF THE 76TH ANNUAL CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION ON AUGUST 27: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS (CENTRE) WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (RIGHT) MR. L. O. BREITHAUPT, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO, MR. R. SAUNDERS, PRESIDENT OF THE EXHIBITION, AND MR. FROST, PREMIER OF ONTARIO, ARE SHOWN L. TO R.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN CANADA: THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION OPENING, AND NEW NIAGARA FALLS POWER PLANT.

On Monday, August 30, the Duchess of Kent carried out one of her most important official engagements in Canada, the opening of Ontario Hydro's largest and newest power plant, the Sir Adam Beck No. 2 Generating Station. In our photograph the older station is shown on the right and the new station on the left. The forebays of the two stations are linked by a canal. The ultimate capacity of this largest of Ontario Hydro's seventy-three plants will be 1,828,000 h.p. It will be remembered that in our issue of August 21 we illustrated one of the 5½-mile-long twin water tunnels of the generating station No. 2 which was recently open to view to residents of Niagara Falls and Stamford.—On August 27 the Duchess of

Kent performed the official opening ceremony of the seventy-sixth annual Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. Her Royal Highness, who was introduced by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Louis Breithaupt, said that the exhibition could be regarded as a measure of the progress of Canada over many years and of the confidence of Canadians in the future. Accompanied by Princess Alexandra, her débutante daughter, her Royal Highness left Toronto for Niagara Falls on August 29. The Royal travellers are due to leave Montreal, their last "port of call" during their Canadian tour, by air for New York on September 14 and to sail for home on September 22 in the liner *Queen Mary*.

SHORTLY before sitting down to write what is here printed, I was in France. Coming up from Calvados in the direction of Arras and Calais, I spent two nights in Amiens. Thirty-six hours after my return a car deposited me in what at first sight appeared to be a violently agitated lake. It was actually the yard of a house in the country, but you could have floated a small model yacht in it—though only for a few seconds, after which it would have been sunk by the weight of water descending from the heavens. We had arrived at the height of what is called a cloud-burst, the heaviest rain I have seen in this or any other country. We had driven slowly through woodlands with the headlights on, but it was only during the last few minutes that the weather really showed what it could do. I waded into sanctuary.

This may seem a lengthy explanation of, or excuse for, my subject of to-day. It has been chosen partly because of my recent return from scenes which had once given me the sharpest impressions of my life, partly because I am now remote from my books and such other stimuli as I might have found in London. Even the muddled newspapers which arrived late afforded no help. Efforts to avert a breakdown of E.D.C. talks would be out-of-date, because I do not know how they ended. Riots in Athens over Enosis—I have written enough about Cyprus for the time being. "Village Under Four Feet of Water"—it was not quite as bad as that here, and the rain at the moment is no heavier than is normal in this August, though the thunder is louder than usual. I believe I wrote about the Allied offensive of August 1918 before, probably in 1938, its twentieth anniversary, but I have so many memories of it that I can hope to avoid repetition. August 8 of that year may mean little to the younger generation to-day, but, believe me, it was more striking to those of my generation than D-Day in Normandy. We had suffered defeat after defeat. There had been, successively, prospects of the British and French Armies being separated, of the Channel ports being lost, of Paris being captured. That day we were launched to a victory. And we never looked back.

Three months earlier a young and nervous G.S.O.3, resplendent in the scarlet cap-band and gorget patches which nowadays are accorded only to staff officers of the rank of colonel, had arrived as liaison officer at the headquarters of the French 37th Division, a colonial formation, the infantry of which consisted of Zouaves and African Tirailleurs. The headquarters were in the semicircle of a quarry on the road from Amiens to Montdidier, near the village of Boves. This division was in contact with the right division of the Australian Corps, and the junction in the front line was just south of Villers-Bretonneux. Amiens was virtually emptied of its population and was being frequently, though not heavily, shelled. The young officer of those days has never, in the thirty-six years that have passed since then, forgotten the kindly welcome which he then received or the interest of the period which followed. By August his French had become fluent, and in military technicalities perfect. Now, alas! it is less fluent than when he arrived.

I had first of all to appreciate some social changes. With us, if an officer was out on business, he returned to luncheon when it suited him, and his luncheon was generally so badly cooked that it was not worth while to make a function of the meal. For the French, however, in quiet times it was a function and it was well cooked. After all, they had had nothing to eat but a bit of toast with a cup of coffee at half-past seven, whereas the British had had eggs and bacon at half-past eight. And the French *déjeuner* was at half-past eleven. British and Australian officers complained that, if they wanted to do a tour with a French officer, they had to start either at cock-crow or after the French lunch, because no French officer would dream of being late for it. To be frank, all French staff officers were inclined to spend too much time in their offices, with the consequence that they did not see enough with their own eyes. Rank counted rather more socially than with us, and a major was quite a personage, because battalion commanders were of that rank. On the other hand, generals did not stand on their dignity and did not seem to suffer from their livers, as did many of ours in those days.

As the offensive approached, the Australians took over from what I had begun to think of as "my" division. I moved to the headquarters of the 42nd Division, the next further south. On my last night General Simon proposed my health after dinner. I had to get up and thank him, and my statement that I did not easily find words to do so was literally true. The words stuck in my throat, and I astonished myself by dropping a tear on the table. The next move was the replacement of the Australian Corps by the Canadian, the former moving further north, but leaving a screen in the front line, so that if the Germans made a successful raid they would not be able to

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ON THE BANKS OF THE AVRE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

identify the Canadians. The Germans, worried by increased traffic circulation, did raid. They captured several Australian prisoners, but these men did not reveal that there were Canadians behind them, and may not have known the fact. Though it may not be possible to say that the Germans were completely



PERSONALLY THANKING SOME OF THE CANADIAN TROOPS WHO TOOK PART IN THE GREAT ALLIED OFFENSIVE OF AUGUST, 1918: FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (AS HE THEN WAS), COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Recalling memories of the Allied offensive on this page, Captain Falls writes, "The best work of all was done by the Canadian Corps. Its divisions had not been battered as much as most others in the German offensives or filled up with immature youths, and I should say that at this moment they represented the best troops in the world." Captain Falls adds that after three days of victorious progress Foch, who was in supreme command, wanted to continue the thrust. Haig, on the other hand, believed the enemy strength to be stiffening and wanted to open up a new front further north. The fact that Haig commanded troops with more punch left in them proved the decisive argument.



ON THE WAY TO CAMBRAI DURING THE GREAT ALLIED OFFENSIVE OF 1918: CANADIANS CONSTRUCTING A BRIDGE ACROSS A RIVER ON THE ARRAS-CAMBRAI ROAD.
Imperial War Museum photographs: Crown Copyright Reserved.

surprised, they had no conception of the weight of the impending blow and what they did know they knew too late.

The blow was certainly staggering. I had seen good first days in two big offensives, Messines and Cambrai, though neither was as good as this. What I had not seen was three successive days of victorious progress. The best work of all was done by the

Canadian Corps. Its divisions had not been battered as much as most others in the German offensives or filled up with immature youths, and I should say that at this moment they represented the best troops in the world. When we did slow down I, in my humble situation, got some of the backwash of a conflict in progress in very high places. Foch wanted to continue the

thrust. Haig thought the enemy was stiffening and preferred to shift his strength slightly further north and open a new front. Foch was in supreme command, but Haig commanded troops who retained more punch, and that proved the decisive argument. The Canadian Corps commander, whom I met on his rounds, asked me for the French view of the enemy's resistance. I told him they thought they could get on after a brief pause. This was just what General Currie did not want to hear, because he favoured the new attack. He treated me as though I had been responsible for the view put forward, whereas I merely reported it. Eighteen stone of angry general was a formidable matter.

I think Haig was right in insisting on breaking off the offensive in front of Roye and transferring the Canadian Corps further north. I believe Foch was reconciled to the strategy by its results. It was certainly that which he afterwards adopted himself whenever the Germans looked like pulling themselves together: extending the battle to the flanks. He had abandoned the belief that a breakthrough, such as he had sought in earlier stages of the war, and Ludendorff had sought that year, was possible. Having regard to the equipment of the day, the primitive state of the contemporary tanks, the slowness of the motor transport, and its inability to cover any considerable distance out and back on damaged roads, he was probably correct. At all events, the war was victoriously ended within less than three months of the halt in front of the Roye line. Yet I also believe that the German stiffening was not as serious as Haig thought, and that we could have got on again on the original axis if it had been considered worth while to persist.

In what remained of the war I saw a whole succession of offensives before I found myself in Germany with the British Army of the Rhine. Yet it is to August 8 and the following week that my mind most often returns when I think of the First World War. Next, it feeds upon the previous three months, on the whole quiet and easy as regards work, except for the last ten days, when I was the slave of new problems emerging one after another. The other day the sight of the ruined castle of Boves on its hilltop above the Valley of the Avre brought back those three months with particular clarity. There is General Simon, smiling and benevolent, at the head of the long mess-table. Above all, there are my two best friends: Bernard de Kergorlay, commanding a squadron attached as divisional cavalry, and Henri de Beauregard, the General's A.D.C. I was to stay with both after the war at their châteaux, the one in the Oise, the other in the Deux-Sèvres.

After dinner our usual walk was along the wooded bank of the river. In the transport lines the mules, their day's work done, would be enjoying cut grass as a supplement to their forage ration. Occasional gunfire flickered and thumped. Sometimes it would become intense for a short time, and then we knew that death was abroad. As darkness drew on, mist generally rose from the valley, till the observation balloon behind the tower faded to a scarce discernible ghost. Fireworks would begin to outline the curling No Man's Land between the opposing fronts. The news was commonly abominable, and the males of my friends' families had been mown down in the past four years. Yet I seem to remember that we were always in good spirits and talked as though the war must end in victory, without any notion how such a victory was to be achieved. However, we were no vaguer than our seniors. As late as September, when the war had only a couple of months to run, they were planning the campaigns of 1919.

I had been given two warnings on my appointment. The first was that I should find the French staff officers obstructive, secretive and difficult to deal with. This was not the case, either with the 37th Division or any of the others to which I was attached during the offensive. The other was subtler and more to the point. The risk was, said my experienced informant, that of being twisted round French fingers, taught to take the French point of view, and so ceasing to be an efficient liaison officer. I hope I did not fall into that trap, but it clearly was a danger to a young man who had never been made so much of before. The opportunity was also exceptional. For the first and only

time in my life I was indispensable, because the French could not talk a word of English and the Australians could not talk a word of French—the Canadians, with many French-speaking officers, could have got on pretty well without me. All this seems so close to me since I drove through a rebuilt Boves that I can scarcely believe I am digging up the past, a past thirty-six years old.



COVERED WITH THOUSANDS OF GHOSTLY-LOOKING ICEBERGS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES: THE HALL FJORD, IN NORTH-EAST GREENLAND. ON AUGUST 11 THE MAIN PARTY OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION, LED BY COMMANDER (L.) C. J. W. SIMPSON, R.N., ARRIVED IN WALES AFTER HAVING SPENT TWO YEARS AMIDST SUCH SCENERY.



IN THE ACT OF HARPOONING A NARWHAL: AN ESKIMO HUNTER IN NORTH-EAST GREENLAND. THE BRITISH EXPEDITION, WHICH SURVEYED MUCH OF QUEEN LOUISE LAND IN THE FAR NORTH OF GREENLAND, GAINED CONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE IN THE ART OF LIVING UNDER ARCTIC CONDITIONS.

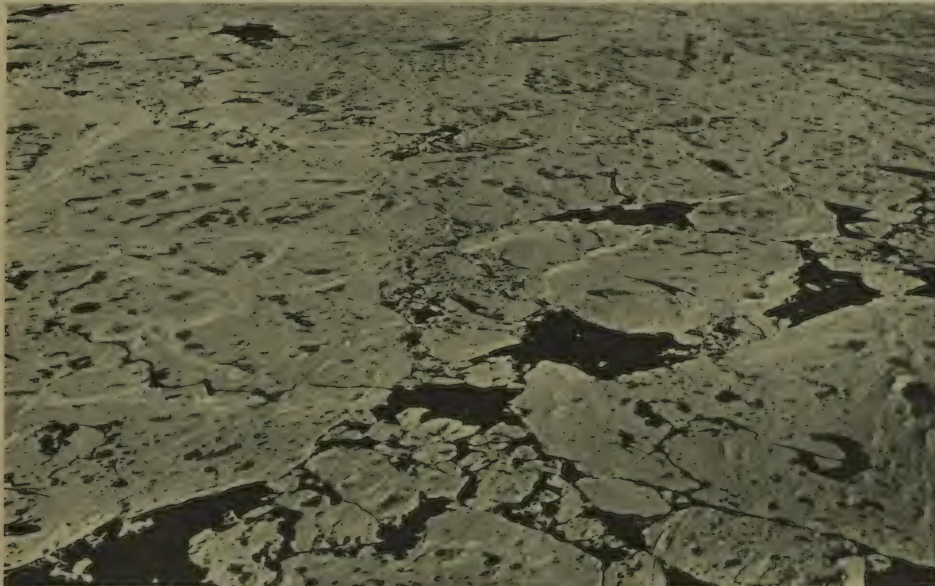
GREENLAND LANDSCAPE: PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING WITH REMARKABLE VIVIDNESS THE TYPE OF SCENERY

On August 11 *Sunderland* flying-boats of the R.A.F. brought back to Pembroke Dock, South Wales, members of the British North Greenland expedition led by Commander (L.) C. J. W. Simpson, R.N., who have been in Greenland for two years on scientific exploration. Above we reproduce some photographs sent to us by Mr. Werner Lüthy,

whose visit to North-East Greenland coincided with the early part of Commander Simpson's visit to the Arctic, which show with quite remarkable vividness the type of scenery amid which the British explorers lived. On his arrival in Wales, Commander Simpson said that he thought the expedition had accomplished all it had set out to do



AN AERIAL VIEW OF KAISER FRANZ JOSEF FJORD (LEFT), WITH ICE FJORD AND DE GEER GLACIER (CENTRE). TO THE LEFT IS FRAENKEL LAND AND MISS ROYD LAND, AND TO THE RIGHT ANDRÉE LAND. GREENLAND IS ENTIRELY OVERSPREAD BY A THICK GLACIER SHEET RISING TO A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 9000 FT.



AN ICE-ZONE OF SEVERAL HUNDRED SQUARE MILES OFF THE COAST OF NORTH-EAST GREENLAND. THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION HAVE ESTABLISHED BY SEISMIC SOUNDINGS THAT THE ICE IN NORTHERN GREENLAND EXTENDS IN PARTS TO A DEPTH OF 10,000 FT. AND THAT IT IS SLOWLY MELTING.

AMID WHICH THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION LIVED AND WORKED FOR TWO YEARS.

and he was hopeful that the results would prove satisfactory. It had been established, by seismic soundings, that the ice in the northern area of Greenland extended in some parts to a depth of as much as 10,000 ft. It had also been established that the ice was slowly melting and that the ice-cap was becoming smaller. Until all the data collected

by the expedition has been examined it will not be known whether Greenland is the world's largest island or many islands locked together by a vast mass of ice, 10,000 ft. deep and probably 50,000 years old. The expedition flew to Britannia Lake, 800 miles from the North Pole, in July 1952, and set up their base camp there.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN GREENLAND, WHICH HAS BEEN PROVED BY THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION TO RESEMBLE
 "A HOLLOW TOOTH WITH A FILLING OF ICE": THE DE GEER GLACIER WHERE IT COMES INTO THE ICE FJORD.

The remarkable photograph of the De Geer Glacier which we reproduce above was sent to us by Mr. Werner Lüthy, a member of a Danish Government expedition to North-East Greenland led by Dr. Lauge Koch, which was in the Arctic during the early part of Commander Simpson's British expedition to North Greenland, recently returned after two years of scientific exploration of Queen Louise Land. On other pages of this issue we reproduce more of Mr. Lüthy's photographs, which

illustrate vividly the type of scenery amid which the British explorers lived and worked. The expedition, of which the Queen was Patron and Sir Winston Churchill Vice-Patron, has been undertaking a geophysical, geological and glaciological survey of hitherto unexplored areas of North Greenland. It has proved, among other things, that the theory of French explorers of the 1930's, that Greenland resembles "a hollow tooth with a filling of ice," was correct.

ONE OF THE LARGEST CITIES OF ANTIQUITY REVEALED: RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT VELIA, ONCE A WEALTHY GREEK COLONY IN ITALY.

By DR. P. CLAUDIO SESTIERI.

DR. P. CLAUDIO SESTIERI is Superintendent of Antiquities for the Provinces of Salerno and Potenza. In our issue of July 10 we published photographs of playthings from the newly-discovered children's tombs at Paestum, together with a description of them by Dr. Sestieri.

THE excavation of Velia has again been resumed and work in three areas of this ancient city has already been completed, and it is now possible to gain some idea of what it must have been like when it was one of the wealthiest and most splendid of the Greek colonies in Italy. Its site is extraordinarily picturesque. Close to the sea, in the plain of the Alento and nestling between the massif of Monte Stella and the mountains of Cilento, is the sacred mountain of Novi, a series of hills, forming a chain running almost exactly from east to west. The most westerly of these, originally washed by the sea, is covered by ancient olive-trees. To the south of these hills, where the ground slopes away until it is almost flat, is the site of the ancient city. Here there are olives of such great antiquity that local legend claims that they were planted by the Greeks themselves. To the north are the burial-grounds, the tombs of which are almost all in ruins, and also the site of the port used before the mouth of the Alento became silted up, and the plain widened.

intellectual activity and of a city of culture and refinement, we have indications of the existence of a high level of artistic achievement, as can be discerned from their coins, which are miniature masterpieces, with their representations of the gods, of animals, savage contests, such as those bearing the stamp of Kleudoros, on the obverse side of which can be seen a masterly depiction of a lion overcoming and devouring a hind. We know that the city was never conquered by the Lucanians in contrast with the other cities of the west coast, not excluding Paestum itself. And even in Roman times, although at first an ally and later a colony, it managed to preserve its Greek character, to the extent that the priestesses of Demeter for the temple in Rome, who had to be Greeks, came from Velia. Velia is also associated with the meeting-place of Cicero and Brutus after the murder of Caesar, and in the Middle Ages its acropolis was turned into a fortress, with a castle and chapel dedicated to St. Quirinus. After this, as did so many other ancient cities, it fell into a state of neglect and oblivion.

One of the first glimpses of the splendour of this Greek city was obtained in 1830 by the discovery of a tomb in the burial-ground. It was the resting-place of a warrior, and like all Eleatic tombs it was in the shape of a chamber built of fine rectangular blocks of grey sandstone. The interior must have presented a wonderful spectacle to the excavators. The skeleton was covered in armour of gilded bronze and the "grave furniture" contained vases of gold, silver and gilded bronze and painted pottery—a sight reminiscent of the royal tombs at Mycenae. We have, however, no information as to what became of the treasure, nor has it been found possible in more recent times to discover another tomb intact.

According to the descriptions of travellers and scholars in the last century, Velia appeared like a

dead city whose only remains were a few ruins of the walls encircling the city, within the perimeter of which were frequently found fragments of vases and tiles. The latter were magnificent, of red clay marked with the name of the manufacturer, and greatly prized by the local inhabitants, who eagerly searched for them, and used them for their own buildings, especially in the construction of ovens. Lenormant, in his "A travers l'Apulie et la Lucanie," refers to Velia as a desolate and sandy waste, where the fortress hill overlooked extensive marshes, and where every now and then terracotta statuettes could be found. But from Velia there also came many gems, which are now scattered in various collections, most of them cornelians with very fine incisions, thus showing that besides the art of making coins, gem-cutting was also held in high repute.

All this, however, was insufficient to give any idea, however approximate, of the appearance of the city. One could follow to a large extent the course of the wall, discovering that its circumference must have been about 3½ miles (6 kilometres), which would make Velia one of the largest cities of antiquity. Not until 1926, when work was in progress on the hill of the acropolis, at the foot of the round tower of the



SOUTH OF THE GULF OF SALERNO, ON THE WEST COAST OF ITALY: THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF VELIA, SHOWN ON A MAP. IT IS TWENTY-FIVE MILES SOUTH-EAST OF PAESTUM. THE CITY WAS ORIGINALLY CALLED YELE, AND THEN, IN THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C., ELEA, AND FINALLY, IN ROMAN TIMES, IT ACQUIRED THE NAME OF VELIA.

castle, were the imposing foundations of a Greek temple revealed, together with other remains. While in 1935, a kiln was discovered, which must have been used for the making of tiles, while lower down an inhabited quarter was discovered. The foundations of numerous houses have been preserved, of Greek origin, and separated by narrow, paved streets. But apart from this the other discoveries were too paltry to give an adequate idea of the city's grandeur. Next, the summits of the hills lying to the north of the city were explored. These are almost flat and form alternating terraces. On the one closest to the acropolis there was discovered an open-air sanctuary with walls on three sides, partially preserved, with many bases for stelæ, one of which has been preserved intact: it is a sepulchral pillar in grey sandstone on which is written in beautiful Greek characters of the end of the fifth century B.C. a dedication to Poseidon Asphaleios. One would not expect to find a seafaring city without a shrine dedicated to the gods of the sea, especially to the one who watched over their destinies at sea. It is highly probable that one of the stelæ which has not been recovered intact was dedicated to Aphrodite Euploia, who protected sailors on their voyages.

On the next hill, among the pines and cypresses and close to a fine square tower, are the foundations of a temple, in front of which is the altar, situated on a paved platform with the characteristic tiles, and which on its northern side is bounded by a portico. Not a single column remains, but on the pedestal, clearly visible, impressions are preserved, which show that they were 18 ins. (45 cm.) in diameter. Still continuing along the upper part, following the course of the walls, one can see their fine construction in the rectangular blocks of sandstone or limestone: for a short distance, the original structure of the sixth century, when the city was founded, has been preserved—consisting of large polygonal blocks, upon which were superimposed tiles of crude clay. One then comes upon a large terrace surrounded by a wall, made accessible by a flight of steps, and within which is a large altar of the fifth century B.C., 82 ft. in length and similar to the altar of Hiero II. at Syracuse. Excavators near here have discovered a small enclosure with votive stelæ, one of which contains a dedication to Zeus Oraios, who was probably the titular divinity of this second open-air sanctuary.

Thus we have some idea of the principal gods and most important cults of Velia: we still do not know to whom the main temple of the acropolis was dedicated, but it is not improbable that it was connected with the goddess Athene. It is certain that it was preceded by an earlier structure, because excavations in the vicinity have resulted in the fragmentary reconstructions of two terracotta antefixa, which were easy to reconstruct because they were frequently found in Southern Etruria and in Campania in the sixth century B.C.

[Continued overleaf.]



PARTICULARLY INTERESTING NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF ITS PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION, BUT FOR THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS DESIGN AND THE SKILL WITH WHICH IT WAS MADE: A WALL SUPPORTING A TERRACE ABOVE THE AGORA, DATING FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C., AND HAVING THREE TROUGHS FED BY FOUNTAINS AT ITS BASE.

Until a few years ago Velia was only known from its history, and for many its precise whereabouts was completely unknown. Besides being a place of the greatest archaeological interest, it is one of the most beautiful spots in Southern Italy.

The story of its foundation is rather complicated and full of incident. When, towards the middle of the sixth century B.C., the Persians, led by Harpagon, conquered Phocæa, the Ionian city of Elis, in Asia Minor, the inhabitants, having tried unsuccessfully to establish themselves on a small island near Chios, sought refuge in Massilia (the present-day Marseilles), already a Phocæan colony. But in this they failed and transferred their attention to another colony of their compatriots in Corsica at Aleria, or Alalia. But their sojourn here was a short one, as they soon aroused the jealousy and suspicion of the Etruscans of Caere, the powerful city which had sprung up opposite to Alalia, on the Tyrrhenian coast of Italy. In a fiercely contested naval battle against the Cerites, the Phocæans emerged victorious, but their fleet was destroyed, thus making it impossible for them to continue to hold Alalia. So once again these seafaring people were obliged to set out in search of a new home. For a whole year they received hospitality at the hands of the Chalcidean colony at Reggio. In 535, at the invitation of the Posidoneans, who, it appears, must have maintained very friendly relations with the Phocæans of Alalia and Marseilles, they established themselves on the site which must have later become Velia, on the sea in the vicinity of the Enotrian Islands, the very name of which seems to indicate the presence of an indigenous population there.

The mouths of the two rivers Alento and Fiumarella to the south formed two harbours, which made the new city like the home which they had abandoned.

The city was originally called Yele, and then, in the fourth century B.C., Elea, and finally, in Roman times, it acquired the name of Velia. Its greatest claim to fame was its celebrated school of philosophers, whose leading figures were Parmenides and Zeno. The latter was the author of a theory of relativity, which denied the existence of motion. He maintained that the swift-footed Achilles cannot overtake the slow-moving tortoise, although only a short distance separates them. So as to cover the intervening distance he must first cover half the distance, then a quarter, then an eighth and then a sixteenth, and so on, in an infinite process. Besides this evidence of



NOT ONLY OF GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL INTEREST, BUT ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOTS IN SOUTHERN ITALY: VELIA, SHOWING THE MEDÆVAL CASTLE AND CHAPEL OF ST. QUIRINUS ON THE HILL, AND THE REMAINS OF THE SANCTUARY OF POSEIDON ASPHALEIOS.

THE SPLENDOUR OF A GREEK COLONY REMAINS OF VELIA, AND EVIDENCE OF THE



ON THE SUMMIT OF ONE OF THE HILLS LYING TO THE NORTH OF THE CITY: THE REMAINS OF A
FINE SQUARE TOWER. CLOSE TO IT ARE THE FOUNDATIONS OF A TEMPLE IN FRONT OF WHICH
IS THE ALTAR SITUATED ON A PAVED PLATFORM.

Continued from page 365.
But the most important discoveries were made on the southern slopes of the hills, where a large part of the Agora has been exposed. This was the principal square, the heart of the city, around which to a large extent its public life revolved. Excavation has brought to light the northern side, limited by a wall, which has been found intact for the whole of its height of nearly 12 ft. and which also served as a retaining wall to the overhanging slope. Some of the columns of the arcade have also been discovered, and it has been found possible to restore them to their original position. The Agora was adorned by numerous fountains, some of which served as monuments. They were fed by a canal, which ran under the square; but outside it, on the west side, it re-emerges and can be seen with large blocks of stone leaning against each other, to cover it, and which conducted the waters from a spring situated higher up. It is an imposing example of hydraulic engineering, the construction of which is reminiscent of the powerful defensive works of the Mycenaean age, especially at Tiryns. Above the Agora other terraced walls are to be seen, one, dating from the fifth century B.C., is particularly interesting, not only because of its perfect state of preservation, but for the excellence of its design, and the very great skill with which it was made. At its base are three troughs, and above these runs a Greek road, paved with small, flat, limestone blocks. Other streets of which traces have been preserved lead from the Agora to the acropolis and to the other hills. This area, however, on account of the abundance of spring water coming downhill, and the landlides produced by the violent rains, gradually filled up, so that the

(Continued opposite.)



ABOVE THE AGORA: THE TERRACED WALL (LEFT) SUPPORTING A GREEK ROAD
(FIFTH CENTURY B.C.). ON THE RIGHT ARE THE REMAINS OF A ROMAN BUILDING.



THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT CITY AROUND WHICH, TO A LARGE EXTENT, ITS PUBLIC LIFE
REVOLVED: THE AGORA, OR PRINCIPAL SQUARE, EXPOSED ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPES.



RUNNING UNDER THE AGORA AND CARRYING WATER TO THE NUMEROUS
WALLS BY THE SIDES. IT WAS IN THE CANAL THAT A GROUP OF BRONZE

Continued.
blocks of sandstone is admirable and in no way inferior to the best works of fortification in Greece itself: the walls are almost 5 ft. (1.5 metres) wide. This tower, which is adjacent to the outside of the city walls, belonged to one of the gates of the city; and in all probability as excavation continues, a second one, lying to the north of the first, will be found, and between the two

IN ITALY REVEALED: ARCHITECTURAL CITY'S ARTISTIC ACTIVITY IN ROMAN TIMES.



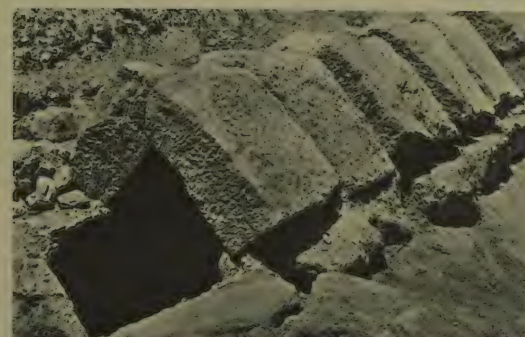
SITUATED IN THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE CITY WALLS: ANOTHER OF THE GREEK
FORTIFICATIONS, THE PURGOS, A STRONGLY-BUILT TOWER.



CONSTRUCTED IN RECTANGULAR BLOCKS OF SANDSTONE: A GREEK TOWER, DATING FROM
THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C., WHICH BELONGED TO ONE OF THE CITY GATES AND IS NOW BEING
EXCAVATED. IT IS NEARLY 12 FT. HIGH.

Continued.
Roman level is much higher than the original Greek, and eventually it was completely abandoned. Apart from these imposing architectural remains, another notable discovery has been made which tells us something about the artistic activity in Velia during Roman times. A group of bronze figures of the time of Marcus Aurelius have been found in the canal to which we have been referring. These depict Roman and barbarian warriors in battle, and were probably used to decorate a chariot. The former are wearing cuirasses and their helmets have tall plumes, in rather poor taste, while the latter can be distinguished by their high hose and flowing cloaks, sometimes with bared torso, and either fighting on foot or on horseback. The figures display great animation, and look like small reproductions of those sculptures on the Marcus Aurelius column, which record this Emperor's campaigns against the Marcomanni and the Quadi. It is possible that the chariot which was decorated with these bronzes had been presented to a general, who was a native of Velia, and had taken part in these victorious campaigns. Another of the Greek fortifications which we know about, apart from the walls, is a strongly-built tower, the Purgos, which is situated in the north-east corner of the city walls, and which must have been an outpost facing the hinterland as a defensive bulwark against the Lucanians: this appears to belong to the end of the fifth century B.C. Of the same period and in the lower part of the city, work is now being carried out on a square tower, 33 ft. (10 metres) wide. The whole of its surface has been revealed, but only the southern side has been almost completely uncovered. It is nearly 12 ft. (3.70 metres) high and was completely buried. Its construction in rectangular

(Continued below, centre.)



RE-EMERGING OUTSIDE THE AGORA ON THE WEST SIDE: THE CANAL, WHICH
IS COVERED WITH LARGE BLOCKS OF STONE LEANING AGAINST EACH OTHER.



DISPLAYING GREAT ANIMATION: A BRONZE FIGURE OF A BARBARIAN WARRIOR
ON HORSEBACK; ONE OF THE GROUP OF FIGURES FOUND IN THE CANAL.



DATING FROM THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.:
A BRONZE FIGURE OF A ROMAN ATTENDANT.



PROBABLY USED TO DECORATE A CHARIOT:
A BRONZE SHOWING A BARBARIAN.



WEARING A TALL, PLUMED HELMET: A BRONZE
FIGURE OF A ROMAN SOLDIER.



DEPICTED FIGHTING ON FOOT AND WITH
BARED TORSO: A BRONZE OF A BARBARIAN.



DATING FROM THE TIME OF MARCUS AURELIUS: A VIGOROUS BRONZE FIGURE
OF A BARBARIAN FIGHTING ON HORSEBACK.



SCOTTISH COMMAND'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: THE FINALE OF THE MILITARY TATTOO ON THE ESPLANADE OF THE CASTLE, WHOSE FLOODLIT RAMPARTS FORM A DRAMATIC BACKGROUND.

The Military Tattoo, Scottish Command's contribution to the Edinburgh Festival, presented by searchlight against the floodlit ramparts of Edinburgh Castle, is one of the most popular items in the Festival programme. This year the Mounted Band of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) are taking part, and the inclusion of a Drill Display by Cadets of The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, who have never before drilled at a Military Tattoo or similar ceremony, was an interesting

innovation. The Sandhurst cadets, all volunteers for the Tattoo (shown in the foreground), arranged to appear for the first ten days of the Tattoo, after which a Historical Tableau, "The Raising of the Gordon Highlanders in 1794," is being given. A Historical Episode, "Royal Scotland," showing Queen Victoria presenting Colours to The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders at Balmoral in 1898; a display by Police dogs of the R.A.F.; drill by "Toy" Soldiers of The Boys' Company

No. 1 Regular Training Bn. Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Aldershot (who may be distinguished on either side of the Highlanders in the middle distance); Highland dancing by soldiers selected from every Highland regiment; and by boys from The Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, are other items in the programme. The Massed Pipes and Drums of the 1st Bn. The King's Own Scottish Borderers; the 2nd Bn. The Black Watch, the 1st Bn. The Gordon Highlanders; the 1st Bn.

The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; the Depot Royal Scots and Lowland Brigade; and Depot Seaforth and Highland Brigade are giving displays; and music is also being provided by the Massed Military Bands of The Scots Guards, The Gordon Highlanders and The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Seven thousand seats are available for each performance, and a total of 200,000 people will have been able to see the display, which is due to end on September 11.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SCOTS REEL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE arrived for the Edinburgh Festival in what looked like a forsaken world: not a mouse stirring. It was early on a morning scarfed in grey, with a thin gleam behind the cloud. Fields were very green, very wet; a wood in the middle distance might conceivably have been the wood of Birnam—it was the kind of thing one would imagine after going to sleep in the train with "Macbeth" on the pillow.

The train snorted off. We stood, apparently alone, on the fringe of the Festival, the annual Scots reel. Yearly, Festival Edinburgh seems to enlarge itself "like a circle on the water." Many who go North for these junketings stay, not in the city itself, but ten, fifteen, twenty miles out. Presently now we were whisked off down the brambled road and out past Drem airfield, of wartime fame, and through the quiet, rich country of East Lothian. In a sudden glint of sun we reached the green that looks like an English village green waiting for a cricket match. Not far distant the dramatic hump of North Berwick Law shouldered the morning sky.

Later that day the majestic outline of Edinburgh strengthened before us as we drove by links and woods along the shore of the Forth. Then, rain spattering, we were within the city itself, the properly theatrical city where cosmopolitan tides of Festival traffic ebbed and flowed along Princes Street, the Castle seemed, as ever, to grow naturally from the Rock, and in front of the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland a large sign proclaimed, very simply, "Macbeth."

Our first engagement—and let us be "vastly chronological"—was not "Macbeth," but the American comedy of "The Matchmaker" at the Lyceum. I call it American: Thornton Wilder has made it so much his own that it is candid of him to tell us its history. This began in an English farce (by John Oxenford, the theatre critic) as far back as 1835; a few years later a German dramatist made his own version. Thornton Wilder, in our own day, turned that into "The Merchant of Yonkers," and now he has re-written it as "The Matchmaker": here we can take a breath.

New York. The business ends with a mad rally in a scene—the house of a Miss Flora Van Huysen—which Tanya Moiseiwitsch has decorated quietly in maroon, claret, sky-blue, shrimp-pink, mauve, jade-green, chocolate, lime-green, blush-rose, scarlet, purple, grey, black, and white. The room contains an organ, a number of silhouettes, a stuffed pike (or is it?), and a large range of birdcages and fringed antimacassars. And I am still dazzled by the hues of the dress worn by Esmé Church.

Throughout, Miss Moiseiwitsch and our most inventive producer, Tyrone Guthrie, have laid on the colour. They are wise; for this extravagant affair needs all the help it can get. (It has the Wilder touch only in its sudden explanatory speeches hurled straight at our heads.) Some of it is comic; but the general effect is woolly—coloured wool—and it will need a lot of shearing before it reaches London. Incidentally, it has been there twice before, once at the Questors' Theatre, Ealing, once at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage.

In this version, no worse and no better than the old one, the emphasis has been shifted from the merchant (Sam Levene) to the matchmaker (Ruth Gordon). We have cheerful performances by Eileen Herlie as a merry milliner, and Arthur Hill as a clerk who contrives to look, by hook and crook, both angular and flat. Much rests on Miss Gordon, who has not acted in England since her Mrs. Pinchwife at the Old Vic seventeen years ago. The matchmaker is not a very good part: still, it is a long one, and Miss Gordon has the charm of a voluble budgerigar. Her gayest moment is when the woman is carried away by her own resource: as new fictions well up in her mind, the eyes open wide, the smile becomes fixed in almost incredulous pleasure, and the prattle sweeps into a flood.

The Festival grew more distinguished next day, when we found ourselves on Macbeth's blasted heath in; of all settings, the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland. Michael Benthall, of the Old Vic, has handled this far better than last year's "Hamlet." "Macbeth" now takes the platform-stage with a volley-and-thunder that might be heard over in Princes Street. The production is intended to make

our flesh creep. The lights burn blue. I have never seen so much gore in the play—everyone is caught red-handed—and from the moment the night opens with a corpse at the Witches' feet, to the last raising of Macbeth's head in a basket, nothing of the violence is mitigated.

But what of the tragic splendours? They will be more apparent, I imagine, on the stage of the Old



"TO BED, TO BED; THERE'S KNOCKING AT THE GATE." IN THE SLEEPWALKING SCENE LADY MACBETH (ANN TODD), FAST ASLEEP, BUT WITH HER CONSCIENCE EVER AWAKE, RE-LIVES THE MURDER OF DUNCAN AS SHE MOVES THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT SILENCE OF DUNSLANE. A SCENE FROM THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "MACBETH" (NOW AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL) THAT LACKS NOTHING IN COMPELLING FORCE, THOUGH SOME OF THE POETRY IS MISSING.

Vic, though Ann Todd's Lady Macbeth, clay-pale, red-tressed, is already compelling as a woman who allows no "compunctious visitings of nature" to shake her purpose. True, she is never the "innocent flower": anyone but trusting Duncan would have found an oubliette for her at once. Paul Rogers' Macbeth, bloody, bold and resolute, has the makings of the best since Olivier. Only the makings yet. Agreed, the actor has plenty of force. He never slackens; the part does not break in the middle, and I have not known either the scene with the murderers, or the banquet, done better. The effect, though, is that of fierce murder-melodrama. The poetry will have to come: Mr. Rogers is not really concerned with shard-borne beetles and rooky woods. His facial expression is unvaried; he lets Macbeth age very suddenly at the end, turning to a kind of famished grey wolf. John Neville, always right as Macduff, has a tingling moment when he leaves Duncan's chamber. Most Macduffs boom, "O, horror, horror, horror!" in a voice as loud as the alarm-bell. Mr. Neville gasps the words hoarsely. He is a man affrighted, not an actor in full roar.

Several able performances; judiciously-placed Scottish accents; a swirling of kilts; an immense cauldron (one Witch, by the way, is Welsh); an imaginative treatment of Macbeth's accession: all of these things help a night of atmospherics. There are the usual cuts, and some less usual—alas, we lose old Siward—and I noticed one or two unexpected readings: "loved masonry," and "for Banquo's issue I've defiled my mind." The production, "palled in the dunest smoke of hell," should come excitingly to the stage of the Old Vic. I hope it brings the poetry with it.

After the doom and darkness of "Macbeth," the London Club Theatre Group's "All On a Summer's Day" (St. Mary's Hall) sounded very mild. But it is a gentle musical anecdote—set in the far-from-naughty 'nineties—that suits the day's trend towards simplicity, and we ought to hear more of Denise Walker. It was rather a relief to observe that the entire cast remained alive and that no Third Murderer dropped in to put Phoebe, Sybil and Martha (bless their hearts!) to the edge of the sword.



"SPEAK, IF YOU CAN: WHAT ARE YOU?": UPON THE BLASTED HEATH, "MACBETH" (PAUL ROGERS; ABOVE, CENTRE) AND BANQUO (ERIC PORTER; RIGHT), DUNCAN'S GENERALS RETURNING FROM BATTLE, ARE FACED BY THE THREE WITCHES, RACHEL ROBERTS (THIRD FROM LEFT), CLIFFORD WILLIAMS, AND JOB STEWART. MICHAEL BENTHALL'S STRONG ATMOSPHERIC REVIVAL OF "MACBETH"—AT PRESENT IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL—WILL OPEN THE OLD VIC'S AUTUMN SEASON IN LONDON ON SEPTEMBER 9.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MATCHMAKER" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—Thornton Wilder still perseveres with that comic how-d'ye-do in the New York of the 1880's. It is much too long and diffuse, but no doubt it will have been trimmed by the time it reaches London; and Ruth Gordon, in full twitter as the match-making widow, is something to hear. (August 23.)
 "MACBETH" (Assembly Hall, Edinburgh).—Michael Benthall's strongly atmospheric, blood-boltered revival of the tragedy with Paul Rogers in full voice—the poetry has yet to come—and Ann Todd as a Lady Macbeth of evil potency. There is a full apparatus of horrors. (August 23; seen August 24.)
 "ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY" (St. Mary's Hall, Edinburgh).—Light airs and gentle fooling in a miniature musical comedy of the 1890's. (August 24.)

It is hard to say why the piece has mesmerised Wilder. It is nothing but a scamper, a farcical fantasy of the roaring 'eighties in New York. The merchant of Yonkers looks for a wife; he finds her at last in the scheming, prattling, bubbling little red-haired widow, "a woman who arranges things." There are a good many roister-doister incidentals. Two ingenuous clerks from the merchant's store are at large in

MARGOT FONTEYN AS "THE FIREBIRD" AT COVENT GARDEN.



WITH THE TSAREVNA (SVETLANA BERIOSOVA) AND THE TSAREVICH (MICHAEL SOMES) IN THE CENTRE: THE FINALE, WITH THE MAGICIAN'S CAPTIVES, WHO HAVE NOW ALL BEEN RELEASED.

ACCEPTING THE SCEPTRE AND GIFT OF SALT IN ACCORDANCE WITH RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOM: MICHAEL SOMES AND SVETLANA BERIOSOVA AS THE TSAREVICH AND THE TSAREVNA, NOW THE HAPPY BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.



AS THE FIREBIRD, IN FOKINE'S BALLET TO STRAVINSKY MUSIC, A RÔLE IN WHICH SHE ENJOYED A TRIUMPH AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL, AND ARRANGED TO DANCE AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS MARGOT FONTEYN IN HER GLITTERING COSTUME FOR THE PART.



BELIEVED TO BE IMMORTAL: THE TERRIBLE MAGICIAN KÖSTCHEI (FREDERICK ASHTON), WHO HAS TURNED MANY CAPTIVES TO STONE AND HOLDS THE TSAREVNA IN THRALL; MAKING HIS APPEARANCE.

THE VICTORIOUS FIREBIRD (MISS MARGOT FONTEYN). SHE HAS DANCED WITH THE MAGICIAN'S CREW AND WOVEN A SPELL OF SLEEP WHICH HAS RENDERED THEM ALL UNCONSCIOUS SO THAT THEY LIE SUPINE AROUND HER.

"The Firebird" ("L'Oiseau de Feu"), Fokine's ballet to Igor Stravinsky's music, was revived by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Edinburgh Festival in their "Homage to Diaghilev" programme, with Miss Margot Fonteyn as the *prima ballerina assoluta* in the name-part; and it is one of the attractions of the four-weeks Sadler's Wells Ballet Season at Covent Garden which was due to open on Tuesday night, August 31. Miss Fonteyn, who has been studying the rôle of the Firebird with Mme. Karsavina, who created it when the ballet was first given in Paris in 1910, roused great enthusiasm by her superb performance as the

glittering, brilliant bird. The story tells how the Tsarevich captures the Firebird, but releases her and receives a golden feather in acknowledgment. He falls in love with the Tsarevna, who is held captive by the magician, Koshchei, believed to be immortal; and, assisted by the Firebird, frees her and the other high-born captives from the evil spell by finding the egg which contains Koshchei's soul, breaking it and so killing the supposedly immortal magician. The production has been reproduced and revised from the original by Serge Grigoriev and Luibov Tschernicheva; and the scenery and costumes are by N. Gontcharova.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of "The Sketch."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CAN CUCKOOS HOODWINK?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WE first saw this bird from a distance, as a greyish shape that glided into a well-grown sycamore standing in the middle of the field. Its shape was suggestive of a hawk, but the flight was not quite that of a hawk. Yet a blackbird somewhere in the tree set up its persistent alarm-note. So we decided to investigate. The sycamore stood 50 ft. high, with a spread of a little more than this. From the summit of the short, 5-ft.-thick bole, four main branches spread upwards, dividing and spreading, leafless, except at their extremities, so that the foliage formed a continuous canopy enclosing a tangle of bare branches. From the ground it was like looking up in a massive aviary well-supplied with irregular, criss-crossing perches. Nevertheless, as we first stood under it we could not see our quarry until it spread its wings to pass from one branch to another. Then, when it had settled, we could see the greyish underparts barred with black, but the bill was not hooked as in a bird-of-prey, although the bird so resembled a sparrowhawk in other particulars, and the neck was too long for a hawk. This was August 14 and we had the good fortune to see a cuckoo.

For three-quarters of an hour we were able to watch it through binoculars before it glided away, with occasional beats of the wings to maintain height. While in the sycamore it remained for most of the time at a height of 30 ft. or more, although it once came down to 15 ft. for several minutes, to give us a magnificent view. It seemed completely indifferent to our presence. The fact, therefore, that it proved so elusive may be significant. It had, to our view, a natural ability to efface itself. A favourite trick was to perch in a crotch where, to the naked eye, it was quite invisible. Even with binoculars only the beak and part of the head could be seen, even if you knew where to look. When it was perched fully exposed on a branch it was just recognisable provided you knew exactly where to look, but take your eyes off it for a moment, and even with the aid of the glasses it was not at all easy to pick it up again. So it came about that on several occasions during those three-quarters of an hour we lost sight of it and had to wait for it to move. In this we were helped by the fact that it was actively feeding, moving about in the topmost branches, flying up every so often to seize a winged insect, then dropping down again with outspread wings to another perch, there to throw its head back, open its beak and, with two or three convulsive jerks of the head, swallow its prey.

It is, of course, no new thing to see a cuckoo; but although I have seen many before and have stalked them for long periods, I have not previously been able to observe one for so sustained a spell, nor under such favourable circumstances. It was for me, although again I am sure this is commonplace to many, a revelation to see the ease with which the bird could melt into its surroundings. For its size it was singularly elusive.

This was partly due to the natural camouflage of the plumage, and it could be that, to some extent, this would be helped by the shade afforded by the continuous canopy of the foliage, although the sky was clear and the sun bright outside. It was also helped by the attitudes adopted by the cuckoo. Once, for example, the bird settled on a main branch sloping away from us. There it spread its tail and pressed it, woodpecker fashion, into the bark. At the same time, the head was depressed, the back hunched and the feathers slightly fluffed up. The result was to make it look more

like a natural hump of the branch than a living being. Certainly the unaided eye would have failed to recognise it for what it was; indeed, would have failed to see it entirely.

Sometimes the cuckoo perched lengthwise along a branch, in the manner of a nightjar. Then, if it crouched, it again took on the mantle of invisibility. A characteristic attitude was to perch with the wings held obliquely from the body and the tail pressed against the branch. This I have often seen the bird do on an exposed branch. But here, in this position, it would often then squat low so that the feathers of the breast

But if we accept it as meaning that some cuckoos may stay with us throughout the winter yet remain unnoticed because they pass for hawks, then it may begin to make sense. It might also be interpreted as a fanciful way of saying that some cuckoos hibernate here. Now, I must admit here that early this year someone wrote to me telling of having seen a cuckoo on March 13, and asking where the bird had been previously, whether it had been skulking all the winter in the woods. Although this was not consciously in my mind while watching the cuckoo in the sycamore, it did occur to me shortly after, while thinking over that recent experience, that if a cuckoo did skulk in the woods, or especially if it hibernated here, the chances of its being seen would be slight indeed.

This may be a fanciful thought, so let us look at facts. A cuckoo has been reliably recorded in this country as late as December 26. The earliest record is for March 10. That means that, except for almost precisely the winter months, cuckoos have been seen here throughout the year. It is usually assumed, as with early and late records for other species, that they are stragglers either side of the main stream of migrants. But since cuckoos normally leave us in July, or August-September at latest, one staying here until December 26 is straggling to such an extent as almost to become a resident. So we may ask: What are we to suppose happened to the individual seen here in late December? Are we to assume that it then flew south at the risk of being caught by storms or severe weather: or did it stay here, to perish in the cold of January and February? Another possibility is, of course, that it may have gone to sleep here through those months.

Before 1946 such an idea would have been regarded as preposterous. In that year we have the first record of a bird found hibernating. It was a poorwill, one of the North American nightjars. It was found by mere accident in a shallow depression in the face of an exposed rock in an inaccessible place in Colorado. Subsequent investigation showed that it had given up its temperature control; that is, it had become temporarily cold-blooded. It showed no sign of

breathing and no heartbeat could be detected. It was to all intents and purposes lifeless. When first found it made no movement while being picked up and handled, and when placed back in its shallow in the rock it winked one eye and then remained perfectly still. Whatever may have been the meaning of that wink, the fact remains that next year another (or the same?) poorwill was found in the same place. The related whip-poorwill has also been found hibernating and it is suspected that a dozen species of birds are also capable of going to sleep for the winter. If then the poorwill, the whip-poorwill and a dozen other species can hibernate if necessary, why not the cuckoo? And if any of them can do this in exposed places, why should the cuckoo not do so in a crotch in a well-grown tree? From my recent experience I am prepared to say that nobody would see it except by the merest accident, the accident of that particular tree being lopped or felled, or being blown down by storm. In such an event the disturbance might rouse the bird. It might fly away. A blackbird seeing it might utter its alarm-note; and anyone seeing it go might think, as we did, that he had to do with a hawk.

Legends are not always as far from the truth as we sometimes suppose. The poorwill winked at its finder. Perhaps the odd cuckoo may occasionally hoodwink us.



DRAWINGS BASED ON SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT OF SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF A CUCKOO FEEDING IN THE TOPMOST BRANCHES OF A TALL TREE; AND SHOWING ITS ABILITY TO ESCAPE OBSERVATION.

(Top left.) The cuckoo perched in a crotch, leaving little more than the beak exposed. (Top right.) A characteristic attitude with wings held obliquely from the body. (Centre left.) Lying along a branch, nightjar fashion. Sometimes the bird would crouch and apparently merge into the branch. (Centre right.) Perched on a branch, wings held obliquely and tail brought forward to press on to the branch. It would hold this position for appreciable spells of time. (Bottom left.) Perched on the side of a sloping main branch, tail pressed into the bark, back hunched and feathers out, looking to the naked eye like a natural hump of the branch or a patch of lichen. (Bottom right.) Crouched on a branch with the breast feathers overlapping it, in a position which rendered the cuckoo invisible to the naked eye at a distance of some 30 ft. [Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker.]

overlapped the branch, disrupting the outline. In all the many different positions we saw the bird take up there was a greater or lesser tendency for the outline to be broken up and for the cuckoo to merge completely with the background. And I would repeat, that if you once took your eye off the bird, even with the use of binoculars, the likelihood was that you would not pick it up again until the bird itself moved. If it stayed still altogether, even if the tree had been bare of leaves, it could pass unnoticed except by the sheerest accident.

There is an ancient legend that cuckoos turn into hawks in winter. This has, of course, been ridiculed.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

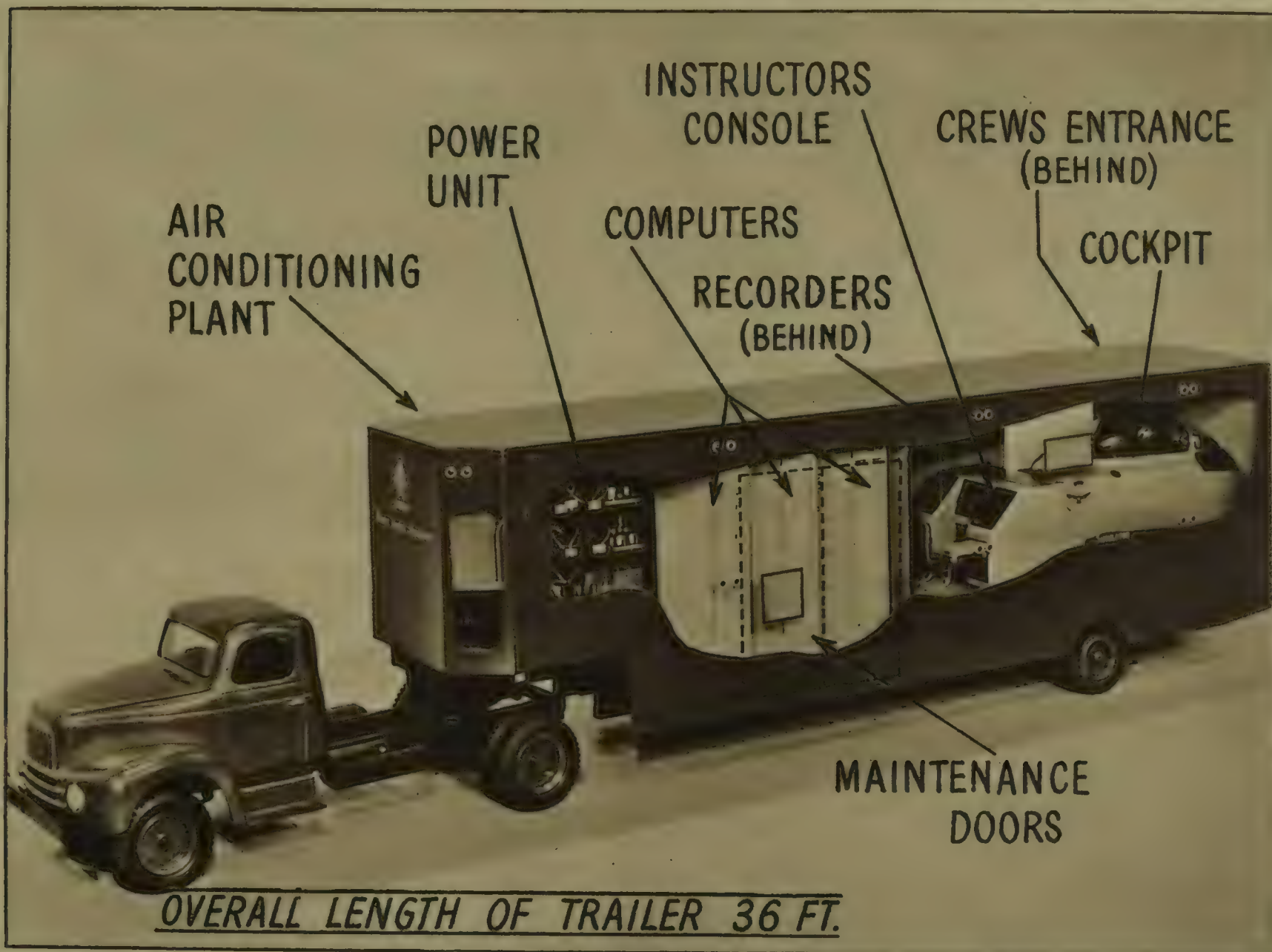
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ON SHOW IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE REDIFON FLIGHT SIMULATOR.



TO BE SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE FARNBOROUGH AIR DISPLAY ON SEPTEMBER 6: A SCALE MODEL OF THE REDIFON F.86E. SABRE MOBILE FLIGHT SIMULATOR. THE PILOT'S HANDLING OF THE CONTROLS PRODUCES THE SAME EFFECTS IN THE SIMULATOR AS WOULD BE EXPERIENCED IN AN ACTUAL SABRE AIRCRAFT.



USED TO PRESENT NAVIGATIONAL PROBLEMS TO THE PILOT: THE LARGE (LEFT) AND SMALL AREA RECORDERS. THE DEVICE ALSO PRODUCES LONG-RANGE DIRECTION-FINDING FACILITIES.



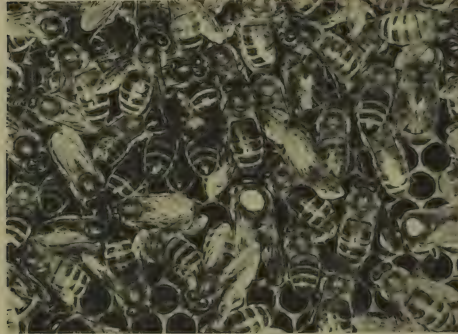
THE INSTRUCTOR'S CONSOLE FOR THE REDIFON SABRE FLIGHT SIMULATOR, SHOWING THE REPEATED COCKPIT INSTRUMENTS AND CONTROLS USED FOR FEEDING VARIOUS PROBLEMS AND EMERGENCY CONDITIONS TO THE PILOT.

FOR the first time, one of the wonderful new electronic "ground-based aircraft," the Redifon F.86E. Sabre mobile flight simulator, will be on show to the public at the Farnborough Air Display organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, due to open on September 6. It consists basically of a replica of the Sabre cockpit, with every instrument and control exactly reproduced, together with control panels for the instructor. The whole is housed in a trailer and has an independent mobile power generator. Practically any navigational problems or emergency conditions can be presented to the pilot under training. These problems and the normal conditions of flight are translated by an analogue computer consisting of an elaborate system of electronic and electro-mechanical apparatus into instrument readings and control responses. The pilot's handling of the controls produces the same results in the simulator as would be experienced in a Sabre aircraft without any of the hazards and at a fraction of the cost of an actual flight. Every movement of the elevator, ailerons, flaps, rudder and throttle is translated into the reading of the airspeed, rate of climb, rate of turn, pitch and roll instruments in the cockpit. In addition, a large number of failures and effects can be fed in from the instructor's console, including fires in various parts of the aircraft—conditions which, with a student pilot, might in the air result in disaster.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE HONEYBEE: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF GUARD



THE INTRODUCTION OF A STRANGE QUEEN INTO A QUEENRIGHT COLONY: WORKER BEES HAVE SEIZED THE LUCKLESS VIRGIN, WHILE OTHERS BEGIN TO FORM A BALL AROUND HER.



DRIVEN BY THE WORKERS ON TO AN OUTSIDE COMB: DRONES (TWO MARKED WITH WHITE SPOTS) BEING HERDED TOGETHER TO AWAIT DEATH IN THE AUTUMN.



TWO MATED, LAYING QUEENS BEING LICKED AND LOOKED AFTER BY THE WORKERS—A FAILING QUEEN SUPERSEDED BY A DAUGHTER QUEEN OFTEN LIVE SIDE BY SIDE.

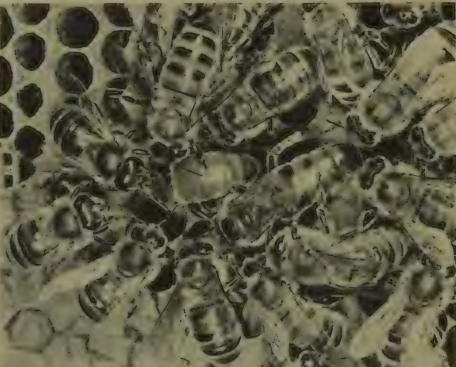
Reports from all over Britain show that this long, wet summer has been a disastrous one for bee-keepers, who instead of getting any honey are having to feed extra sugar to their bees to keep them alive during the coming winter. Honey or no honey, the complex and wonderful organisation of the honeybee has long fascinated all those who have kept or studied bees or are interested in natural history. A book published earlier this year in Collins *New Naturalist* series and called "The World of the Honeybee," is possibly the most comprehensive treatise on the subject



THE "BALLING" OF A VIRGIN QUEEN: THE WORKERS FORMING A BALL AROUND THE STRANGE QUEEN AND ATTEMPTING TO STING HER TO DEATH.



BEING DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE HIVE ENTRANCE IN AUTUMN: A DRONE BEING FORCIBLY REMOVED TO DIE OF COLD AND LACK OF FOOD.



PASSING CLOSE TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT ANY SIGN OF HOSTILITY: TWO MATED, LAYING QUEENS WHO ARE LIVING IN THE SAME HIVE.

for many years. This book is written by Dr. Colin G. Butler, the head of the Bee Department of the famous research station at Rothamsted, and the many photographs with which it is illustrated were all taken by the author. On these pages we reproduce some of these studies of bees, which are outstanding examples of close-up photography. Of particular interest to readers of the book is Dr. Butler's "queen substance theory." He claims that this substance, whatever it may be, is found on all parts of the body surface of the queen, but most particularly on her abdomen.

Photographs by the author of "The World of the Honeybee."

DUTIES AND OTHER ASPECTS OF THE ORGANISATION OF A BEE COMMUNITY.



THE GUARDING OF THE HIVE: A SUBMISSIVE INTRUDER TURNS HER EXTREMITIES AWAY FROM AN EXAMINING GUARD BEE; THE ROBBER BEE ALWAYS ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.



DIFFERING FROM NORMAL TONGUE-CLEANING AND PROBABLY A SIGN OF FRUSTRATION: AN INTRUDER BEE "STROPPING" HER TONGUE BETWEEN HER FRONT LEGS.



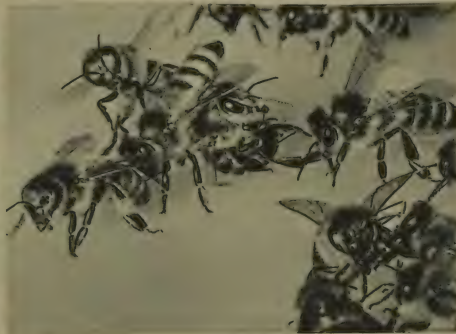
GUARDING THE HIVE: THE STINGING RESPONSE OF THE GUARD BEE IS RELEASED BY THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF THE INTRUDER, WHO IS BEING SEVERELY MAULED.

It is extremely attractive to worker bees, and can be rubbed off with cotton wool and other materials which, for a short time thereafter, are almost as attractive to the bees as the queen herself. After years of study, and carrying out a succession of experiments, Dr. Butler is convinced that this substance exuded by the queen is the whole basis of the bees' social structure. Dr. Butler says: "Probably the most important of all the factors which help to keep the members of a colony of bees together is the strong desire of worker bees, at all events the household bees,

reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.



BRIBERY WITHOUT CORRUPTION: A SUBMISSIVE INTRUDER OFFERING FOOD TO A GUARD BEE, WHO IN THIS CASE IS ACCEPTING IT; BUT THIS DOES NOT HELP THE INTRUDER.



IN A STATE OF "THANATOSIS": THE INTRUDER, ENTIRELY PASSIVE AND QUITE UNHURT, BEING CARRIED AWAY FROM THE HIVE ENTRANCE BY THE GUARD BEES.



A FIGHT TO THE DEATH: A GUARD BEE AND A ROBBER BEE LYING ON THEIR SIDES, HEAD TO TAIL, ATTEMPTING TO STING EACH OTHER.

for 'queen substance.' " "One of the most interesting chapters, in a book full of interest, is that in which the duties of guard bees are described. Submissive intruders are never stung unless they try to escape but 'any attempt to escape on the part of an intruder immediately releases the stinging response of the guards . . . in spite of the activities of the guard bees some intruders do succeed in entering hives, but they are liable to be subjected to exactly the same treatment on the combs within the hive as they would be on its alighting-board."

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TEA TIME AGAIN.

By FRANK DAVIS.



"I WOULDN'T have a cup o' char made from a tea-brick," said someone who knew her soldier slang, "no—not for all the tea in China"—and who, by the way, first used those two expressions? The first, presumably, was brought home by the Army from India—but the second? It sounds Thackerayish, but I cannot place it, and it may be much earlier, from before the time when Assam and Ceylon began to produce tea for the European market. However, in a world still plagued by monetary restrictions it might be sound policy to keep a few tea-bricks in the bank, for I am told that in certain corners of the earth they are regarded as the soundest of currencies and far superior to bits of paper.

This information and a good deal more has come as a result of a query on this page some weeks ago, when I illustrated a tea-brick, which seemed to me impressed with an unusually good design. Among others I have to thank Dr. Neville Whyman who writes as follows:—"I have but once seen a brick tea press in China and that, I am pretty sure, was adapted to the purpose from its usual duty of pressing the oil from the tiny seeds. The pan was usually a composite metal tray with raised characters in reverse to be imprinted on the brick under pressure. The mixture was made thus. First quality—tea dust left over after the leaves had been well shaken by hand in the finest of the four or five sieves used in grading the dried leaf. This was steamed until thoroughly dampened throughout, pressed with boards under hand-pressure into the pans, put in the press and left there long enough for the bricks to settle. If, on removal, the pans were not quite full, they would be topped up and pressed again. Second quality—tea dust, stalk and coarse leaf ground to powder, a little powdered gum added, steaming as above, pressing and drying. The first quality was for export, especially to Russia, Tibet and India; the second quality was largely used by Mongolians and border nomads. Most teas were rolled by hand, or trodden by the feet. The centre of the tea-brick industry was Hankow; there was, even here, little mechanical process."

On the whole, our suspicions of tea-bricks would appear to be justified, though whether we should notice any difference in the final product I have not yet discovered. What appears to matter is that brick tea occupies but one-sixth of the space of bulk tea, a very important consideration if you are in charge of a caravan of camels or ponies or yaks. From another source ("Chinese Economic Journal," November, 1929) we learn that the manufacture goes back to the Sung Dynasty—nearly 1000 years ago—and that, apart from other considerations, transport in the wild regions of High Asia, with its extreme variations of humidity and aridity, is made much easier by this method. Tea-leaves can be gravely damaged by a long spell of wet weather, and in very dry conditions can crumble into

dust as they are jolted over non-existent roads on a one- or two-months journey. We are assured also that the story that brick tea is made by dishonest merchants in order to adulterate the package is absurd, and that the Foochow product, intended exclusively for Russia, is of excellent quality. As to Hankow, the Journal disagrees with Dr. Whyman, asserting that it possesses three or four modern factories with up-to-date machinery and that two of these (at that time, at least) were owned by Russians but known by Chinese names.

Two tea-bricks are illustrated (Figs. 2 and 3), impressed with trade-marks which I suggest would be a credit to anybody. The one with the Russian characters and the form of the vase owes something to late eighteenth-century elegance. The feathers of the bird in the centre are touched in very deftly, but I could wish the creature was not such a hybrid—duck's head and swan (or [goose?] body. I am assured it is meant to be a swan—and that it symbolises smooth transport—an ingenious idea which I would like to believe was the original intention. I presume these designs are not more than a century old and they seem to me to compare more than favourably with European trade-marks of the same period. If these two objects are unfamiliar to most people, so I imagine is Fig. 1—in any case, curious rather than beautiful, but decidedly a rarity. It is a double tea-caddy of Staffordshire pottery, and the letters B. T. G. presumably stand for "Bohea," "Tea," "Green." Date about the middle of the eighteenth



FIG. 2. BEARING A DROMEDARY "TRADE-MARK": A CHINESE TEA-BRICK MADE FROM TEA DUST.

Frank Davis discusses tea-bricks in the article on this page, and points out that the "trade-marks" on the two illustrated "would be a credit to anybody." The dromedary on this example is well placed in the oval "frame."

century. The two holes at the top would originally have covers. Apart from the rarity of its shape and purpose, the particular interest of this piece lies in the way the lettering has been applied—or, rather, not applied, for that implies something stuck on) but scratched in the clay. As there are two sorts of scratched ware, I had better explain further. This tea-caddy belongs to a fairly large class known as "scratch-blue" (not "scratched"). The majority of surviving specimens seem to be mugs and loving-cups, which generally bear an individual name and a date, and the dates range from 1724 to 1776. The blue was cobalt and the design was scratched with a pointed tool and then the incision rubbed with powder stained with cobalt before firing. There is a distinction between this "scratch-blue" ware and the ware known as "scratched" or *sgraffiato*. This was produced by a similar simple method, but instead of the incision being filled in with blue, the cut went down to a clay of a different colour to that of the surface. The fairly common use of an Italian word to describe this type of decoration comes from the fact that it is found in Italian books on ceramics. The process is very old and was practised in many climes. *Sgraffiato* has a more euphonious sound than its English synonym, and, maybe, was felt to invest those who used it habitually with a certain air of erudition denied to less fortunate mortals. I have, in my time, been asked whether I was familiar with the *œuvre* of So-and-so, and when I replied that I had some little acquaintance with So-and-so's work, I suspect I was regarded as not quite belonging to the fold.

None the less, it is not quite fair to make fun of so harmless an affectation; it is no more than an echo from the fashions of the eighteenth century which made the insular Hogarth so cross; and which so bemused the public that when that pleasant water-colourist Michael Angelo Rooker found it necessary, owing to failing eyesight, to become principal scene-painter at the Haymarket Theatre, it was imperative

for his name to appear on the playbill as Signor Rookerini, because otherwise patrons would be unable to convince themselves that they were getting value for money. And who are we to criticise? How many neat little Mary Joneses and Jane Smiths are dancing under glamorous Russian names? So *sgraffiato* let it be, if "scratched" rolls less trippingly off the tongue.



FIG. 3. IMPRESSED WITH A "SWAN," THOUGHT TO BE A SYMBOL OF SMOOTH TRANSPORT: A CHINESE TEA-BRICK MADE FROM TEA DUST FOR THE RUSSIAN OR SIBERIAN MARKET.

"The feathers of the bird in the centre [of this tea-brick] are touched in very deftly, but I could wish the creature was not such a hybrid—duck's head and swan (or goose?) body. I am assured it is meant to be a swan—and that it symbolises smooth transport—an ingenious idea which I would like to believe was the original intention." The vase in the design "owes something to late eighteenth-century elegance."

The type survives in certain well-known pieces of the 1720's and as far as I can discover the latest dated example is of the year 1779. (You will find several illustrated in Mr. Bernard Rackham's "Early Staffordshire Pottery.") In some cases the body is the "chamois-leather" colour which is seen through a covering of brown slip; in others the body is dark red, visible beneath a creamy slip.

Fig. 4 is also a tea-caddy and can also be classed as an interesting rarity, for it is of Leeds pottery of about 1780-90, and has a lid of Dutch silver. It was purchased in Dordrecht in 1952 and is a reminder of the extensive export trade enjoyed by this lively Yorkshire factory at the end of the eighteenth century. We are told that the majority of the important Leeds pieces now in English collections were acquired from the Continent.



FIG. 4. WITH A LID OF DUTCH SILVER: A LEEDS TEA-CADDY.

The lid of this Leeds tea-caddy, which was purchased in Dordrecht, is of Dutch silver. Leeds ware was exported in vast quantities to Holland c. 1780-90.

From the collection of Mr. A. T. Morley Hewitt.
Illustrations by courtesy of the Tea Bureau.



FIG. 1. "CURIOUS RATHER THAN BEAUTIFUL, BUT DECIDEDLY A RARITY": A DOUBLE TEA-CADDY OF STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY BEARING THE LETTERS B. T. G.

This double tea-caddy of Staffordshire pottery bears the letters B. T. G., which presumably stand for "Bohea," "Tea," "Green." The two holes at the top would originally have covers.

From the collection of Mr. A. T. Morley Hewitt.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



NEW DIRECTOR OF W.R.N.S. :
SUPERINTENDENT N. M. ROBERTSON.
Superintendent N. M. Robertson has been appointed to succeed Commandant Dame Mary Lloyd as Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service. Superintendent Robertson joined the W.R.N.S. as a Writer in 1939 and, after being commissioned as an officer, served at home and in Ceylon. In 1951 she took charge of the W.R.N.S. Training Depot at Burghfield, near Reading.



DIED ON AUGUST 23, AGED 76 :
BISHOP CURZON.

After serving as Secretary of the London Diocesan Fund from 1920-26, the Rt. Rev. C. E. Curzon became, in 1928, Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, and was Bishop of Exeter from 1936-48. He inaugurated the Diocesan campaign for building churches. After his retirement in 1948 he became Chairman of the Grey Coat Hospital Foundation.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL:
SENHOR JOAO CAFE FILHO.

The former Vice-President of Brazil, Senhor Cafe Filho, succeeds Dr. Vargas. Born in 1899, he took part in the 1930 revolution; became Chief of Police; and in 1934 resigned to become a deputy in the Constituent Assembly. He left Brazil in 1937 as a protest against the Vargas régime, but returned in 1942 and was elected to the General Assembly in 1945. He was elected Vice-President in 1950—backed by Dr. Vargas.



U.N. TRUCE OBSERVERS' NEW
CHIEF : GENERAL E. L. M. BURNS.

General E. L. M. Burns, of Canada, who succeeded Major-General Benike, of Denmark, as Chief of Staff of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organisation on August 3, arrived in Jerusalem to take up his duties on August 19. General Burns has been actively connected with the administration of the United Nations Association in Canada.



DIED ON AUGUST 24 : LORD ASQUITH
OF BISHOPSTONE.

The fourth son of Lord Oxford and Asquith, Lord Asquith of Bishopstone, died suddenly, in London. He had been a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary since April 1951. Before that he had been a Judge of the King's Bench Division from March 1938-46 and a Lord Justice of Appeal from 1946-51. A man of wide culture, he was joint author with J. A. Spender of a Life of his father.



NOW IN EAST BERLIN :
HERR SCHMIDT-WITTMACK.
Herr Schmidt-Wittmack, the Christian Democrat Bundestag deputy who sought political asylum in East Berlin on August 21, gave a Press Conference there on August 26 at which he said he had gone East because, like Dr. John, his predecessor in defection, he disagreed with the "dangerous and one-sided foreign policy" of Dr. Adenauer, the Federal Chancellor.



AT CHARTWELL : MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER SOAMES AND THEIR CHILDREN.
Mrs. Christopher Soames, formerly Miss Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of the Prime Minister and Lady Churchill, and her husband, Captain Christopher Soames, Conservative M.P. for Bedford, are shown with their sons, Nicholas, aged six and a half; and Jeremy, aged two; and daughters, Emma, aged four and a half; and baby Charlotte Clementine, who is the ninth grandchild of Sir Winston Churchill.



SIGNOR DE GASPERI'S SUCCESSOR :
SIGNOR ZOLI (RIGHT).
Signor Fanfani, a former Prime Minister of Italy and now Secretary of the Christian Democrat Party, is seen above congratulating Signor Adone Zoli on the latter's election as President of the Party in succession to the late Signor de Gasperi. In 1943 Signor Zoli was condemned to death for anti-Fascist activities, but succeeded in escaping from prison.



DIED ON AUGUST 30 : CARDINAL
SCHUSTER.

Cardinal Schuster, who was seventy-four, was made Archbishop of Milan in 1929. In 1945 he acted as intermediary in secret negotiations for the surrender of Italy; and counselled Mussolini shortly before the latter's death. Cardinal Schuster was ordained in 1904 and became Abbot of the San Paolo fuori le Mura Monastery in Rome in 1918.

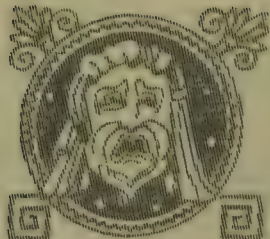


CHAMPIONS AGAIN : MEMBERS OF THE SURREY COUNTY CRICKET CLUB WHO PLAYED REGULARLY THIS SEASON, BRINGING VICTORY TO SURREY IN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE THIRD YEAR RUNNING.

By beating Worcestershire at the Oval on August 26, Surrey became winners outright of the County Championship for the twelfth time and for the third year in succession. In 1950 they shared the title with Lancashire. Their victory over Worcestershire was overwhelming, for they won by an innings and 27 runs after dismissing their opponents for 25 and 40. Our photograph, taken at the Oval, shows: (back row, l. to r.) R. C. E. Pratt, D. E. Pratt, P. J. Loader, T. H. Clark, K. Barrington, D. F. Cox, M. J. Stewart and S. Tait (masseur). Front row: A. F. Brazier, J. C. Laker, E. A. Bedser, P. B. H. May (vice-captain), W. S. Surridge (captain), A. V. Bedser, A. J. McIntyre, G. A. R. Lock, B. Constable, D. G. W. Fletcher and R. Swetman. On either side of the group are (left) H. Strudwick, scorer; and A. Sandham, coach.



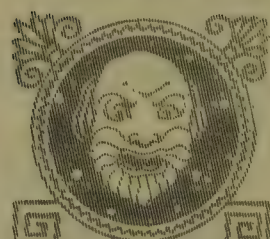
WINNER OF THE BOYS' GOLF
CHAMPIONSHIP : A. H. BUSSELL.
Alan Bussell, of Kelvinside Academy, won the Boys' Golf Championship at Royal Liverpool on August 28 after one of the longest finals on record, which went to the thirty-eighth hole and took seven-and-a-half hours to play. His opponent, K. Warren (Coombe Hill), who won the Carris Trophy in April, was 7 down with 11 to play at one stage.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

NAVAL OCCASIONS.

By ALAN DENT.



THERE is hardly a pin to choose between two of the latest film-showings in London—"The Caine Mutiny," which is brand-new, and "Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.," which is a revival (1951). True it is that the former happens in an American minesweeper in 1944 and the latter in an English frigate around 1814. But both with equal strength and cogency confirm me in the opinion originally expressed by Dr. Johnson that the nautical life, especially the bellicose-naval life, is no improvement upon being in gaol.

This is not to deny that both films are excellent in their way. Let me simply and straightforwardly transcribe the thoughts I had on coming away from each, first pointing out that I was seeing the "Hornblower" film for the first time.

"The Caine Mutiny" is a good enough film to give you the impression that the original novel by Herman Wouk must be a rattlingly readable piece of work. (It is! I am half-way through it as I write, and

the most eloquent features of all in a film in which Mr. Dmytryk lays the emphasis and responsibility on human features—very rightly and with sensational effect.

Similarly we see a very great deal of the blue eyes of that blue-eyed boy, Ensign Keith, who is satisfactorily played by Robert Francis. It is my surmise—though I have no factual ground for it—that Keith's part in the story is autobiographical and that there is a good deal of Mr. Wouk himself in Ensign Keith. When in the novel Keith speaks as follows to his father, one cannot but feel that the author is "with" him:—

"I'm not devoted to the Navy. If you want to know, what I've studied seems to me a lot of rubbish. The rules, the lingo, strike me as comical. The idea of men spending their lives in this make-believe appals me. I used to think it was preferable to the Army, but I'm sure now that they're both the same kind of foolishness. I don't care. I picked the Navy. I'll see this stupid war through in the Navy."

(Neither does one feel that the author is in any very violent disagreement with a mordant remark of Keefer's which we hear in the film:—"The Navy is a master plan designed by geniuses for execution by idiots.")

In point of fact, Ensign Keith's private affairs take up more of the film than is good for it. He is a miserable rope—whenever he goes home to San Francisco—with which (or whom) a doting mother and an adhesive night-club singer called May Winn play at unending tug-of-war. This is tedious in the film even more than in the novel.

The female element in "Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N." contrives to be no less tedious and absurd. This is concentrated in the person of a certain Lady Barbara Wellesley, said to be sister to the Duke of Wellington himself, who demands and secures a passage back to England in the unwilling Hornblower's frigate. The actress who plays her, Virginia Mayo, makes this arch and coy creature the last word in teasing coquettishness. It is almost a relief when this galvanised doll is laid low for a while with yellow fever. Hornblower, who becomes her nurse, also eventually becomes her slave—we can see it coming several knots away. But she is no sooner up and about again than she is parading the ship in the low-cut dresses affected to-day by advertising models for lavender-water. Oddly enough, she does not on any deck receive so much as an old-fashioned look, much less a come-hither whistle, from a crew which has been at sea for

seven long years on end. But then, Hornblower is obviously her aim and object, and Hornblower (Gregory Peck) goes down like a ninepin, though he immediately gets up again to say he has a wife and son in port, to which she replies that she is affianced to an Admiral and it would therefore be unbecoming of him to give her the weeniest kiss.

Tut! All this is unworthy even of the yarn for grown-up boys which is all that Mr. C. S. Forester's novel presumably pretends to be. But all the bellicose



"THE CAINE MUTINY": ON THE BRIDGE OF THE CAINE DURING A TYPHOON, LIEUT. STEVE MARYK (VAN JOHNSON) REFUSES TO OBEY AN ORDER FROM HIS CAPTAIN (HUMPHREY BOGART), BELIEVING IT WOULD SPELL DISASTER TO THE SHIP.

as distinct from the amatory parts of this film are stirring and magnificent. We really are *in* Hornblower's ship when the stormy winds do blow, or when we open fire on a French frigate on the Spanish main. On the other hand, we are not *in* Queeg's ship at all when it is being tossed about by the typhoon. We are just watching the matchbox craft of our childhood shaken about in a tub of water. But we are very much more *in* it when the typhoon abates and shows us the interactions and antipathies of that little group of naval-officers—an examination which is, after all, all that Mr. Wouk's novel pretends to be.

It is obvious all through the film—and all through the novel so far as I have gone—that Mr. Wouk does not allow his aversion to the naval life to mar his enjoyment in the rich and revealing story of the *Caine Mutiny*. Nor do I.



"THE CAINE MUTINY": HUMPHREY BOGART AS CAPTAIN QUEEG, THE COMBAT-WEARY VETERAN WHO "LOSES CONTROL OF HIS SHIP AND HIS SENSES SIMULTANEOUSLY," UNDERGOING INTERROGATION DURING THE COURT-MARTIAL.

have just put it down reluctantly beside me.) It has three acknowledged film-stars doing their best to outshine one another—Humphrey Bogart as the captain who loses control of his ship and his senses simultaneously, Van Johnson as the lieutenant who takes it upon himself to take over command, and Fred MacMurray as the second lieutenant who assures the first one that there is nothing mutinous in this behaviour—the old man being as mad as the typhoon which nearly shivers the *Caine's* timbers.

Each of these three actors is helped to do an unusually superlative job by the direction of Edward Dmytryk, a director who has here thought up the startlingly simple but startlingly effective trick of photographing each visage in long and steady close-up—so that we are able to tell for ourselves whether Bogart's Queeg is lying by the look in his eyes, whether Johnson's Maryk really did think he was acting for the best by a tremor of his lip, and whether MacMurray's Keefer was or was not about to let his pal down at the court-martial—a hesitancy expressed in the flicker of a nostril. For all I know—and I should not be at all surprised to hear it!—Mr. Bogart glared, Mr. Johnson winced, and Mr. MacMurray wrinkled his nose ten thousand times over, respectively, to gain these effects. But it is all the more to the credit of Mr. Dmytryk's insistence and patience that exactly these effects have been gained in the finished film.

It is the same with the prosecuting and the defending officers in the court-martial which takes up the last quarter of the film, the last half of the novel, and the whole (so they tell me) of the stage-play made out of the novel. Here José Ferrer's long nose and the vehement jut of his lips are startlingly persuasive in defence of the Captain. But I am more than half-inclined to think that it is the little eyes of E. G. Marshall—alert, pouncing, sceptical—as the prosecuting officer which are



"THE CAINE MUTINY": THE SCENE IN WHICH CAPTAIN QUEEG (HUMPHREY BOGART), THE CAINE'S COMMANDING OFFICER, CALLS TOGETHER HIS OFFICERS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SOME TINNED STRAWBERRIES, HIS FAVOURITE DISH, WHICH HE BELIEVES WERE STOLEN. LIEUT. STEVE MARYK (VAN JOHNSON, SEATED, RIGHT), ENSIGN WILLIE KEITH (ROBERT FRANCIS, STANDING, RIGHT) AND LIEUT. TOM KEEFER (FRED MACMURRAY, FOURTH FROM RIGHT) LISTEN INCREDULOUSLY. (ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, AUGUST 12.)

LOOKING TOWARDS TO-MORROW AND THE DAY AFTER:
SCENES AND EXHIBITS AT THE 21st NATIONAL RADIO SHOW.



"ASK HIM A QUESTION—HE MAY KNOW THE ANSWER": MR. MAGNETRON OF THE ROYAL SIGNALS, THE ARMY'S ROBOT AT THE RADIO SHOW.



MADE FROM TIN CANS, CIGARETTE AND CHOCOLATE PACKETS, A TEASPOON AND BARBED WIRE: A "DESERT ISLAND" RADIO SET.



NOT FORGETTING THE DIVER: TWO MEMBERS OF THE W.R.N.S. EXAMINING A HELMET WHICH HAS A SPECIAL PERSPEX CLEAR-VIEW ATTACHMENT DESIGNED FOR UNDERWATER TELEVISION OPERATIONS.



TELEVIEWED FROM THE RADIO SHOW ON THE OPENING NIGHT: "FASHION AT THE WHEEL"—TELEVISION'S FIRST CONCOURS D'ÉLEGANCE.



AFTER HE HAD OPENED THE RADIO SHOW: SIR MILES THOMAS, CHAIRMAN OF B.O.A.C., WITH LADY THOMAS, LOOKING AT A 17-IN. T.V. CHASSIS DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE SHOW AT EARLS COURT ON AUGUST 25.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE FUTURE: HOW THE ARMY MAY ONE DAY USE TELEVISION ON THE BATTLEFIELD; A DEMONSTRATION IN MODEL-FORM AT EARLS COURT, WHERE THE EXHIBIT WAS "MANNED" BY MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS.



READY FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ALTERNATIVE TELEVISION PROGRAMMES: A NEW MODEL FITTED WITH AN ADAPTOR FOR RECEPTION FROM UP TO ANOTHER TWELVE STATIONS. THIS DEMONSTRATION SET IS PERSPEX-COVERED.

Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., opened the twenty-first National Radio and Television Exhibition at Earls Court on August 25 when he pressed a switch which lighted twenty-one large electric candles. During the show, which closes to-day, September 4, some forty manufacturers showed sound and television receivers, including multi-channel sets for the alternative T.V. programmes. "Side-shows" arranged by the Radio Industry Council included

thirty-one exhibits of electronic apparatus covering industrial and scientific uses. Visitors were particularly attracted by the exhibitions arranged by the three Services and by the B.B.C. At least fifty-five sound and television programmes went on the air from the Show, the latter were particularly ambitious and successful. One of the manufacturers, Pye, Ltd., looked well ahead into the future with the first demonstration of three-dimensional television.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

DOUBLE-FLOWERED BRAMBLE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ALTHOUGH I have known and admired the pink, double-flowered bramble for a great many years, I have never possessed a specimen until quite recently, and it was not until I had it actually flowering in my garden that I fully realised what an extremely attractive thing it is.

There used to be a huge bush of it growing close to the lake in Kew Gardens, and for all I know it may be there still, though I seem to remember missing it

the jungle. Knowing nettles, I had guessed that this would happen. But knowing brambles, too, I felt certain that the nettle tactics would merely put my bramble on its mettle, and spur it to higher things. They did. Within a year it was half-way up the wall, and this spring I found that it was scrambling over the top. Then, a week or so ago, in mid-August, I found that it was in flower, and realised for the first time what a really delightful thing it is, both as a flowering shrub in the garden and also as a cut flower for the house. Especially as a cut flower.

A week ago I cut five or six sprays, varying in length—with stem—from 18 ins. to 2 ft. The actual flower-sprays, in open pyramid formation, vary from 9 to 12 ins. The fully-open flowers look rather like double daisies of a particularly attractive, clear, soft rose colour. Each blossom is a roundish pom-pom composed of an immense number of small, quilled petals, exactly as in a double daisy, but in most cases there is an outer circle of normal, round, pink petals. The beauty of the general effect of the whole spray is enormously enhanced by the unopened and half-open buds, which are soft, silvery, grey-green in colour.

As a cut flower the double pink bramble has the great advantage of lasting well in water. When I brought them in a week ago only the lower blossoms were open, but since then some of the sprays have opened all but their topmost buds, whilst the original, lowermost blossoms are still perfectly fresh. As a flowering shrub for the garden, as well as a cut flower for the house, this double pink bramble has much to recommend it, and perhaps one fault to set against its charm and hardihood. As I have pointed out, the plant demands a good deal of room, though it should be possible to keep it within reasonable bounds by firm, tactful, repressive pruning each year. Whole branches might be cut out from the base, directly after flowering, and the younger growths could then be coerced into the right directions, trailing, perhaps, over a wall or a fence, or shinning up a pillar, post or tree-trunk. Such pruning and training is bound to be a tough job—in fact, one of the major horticultural blood-sports, yet no worse than dealing with the various cultivated forms of fruiting blackberry. Owing to its wild and bloodthirsty ways, it is not a shrub that I would recommend for a small garden. But in gardens where there is room to spare it is very well worth planting.

There are two distinct double-flowered brambles in cultivation. The pink-flowered one whose botanical name is *Rubus ulmifolius* var. *bellidiflorus*, is a variety of one of the innumerable British brambles which specialist botanists have distinguished as true species. The white-flowered double bramble is *Rubus thyrsoides plena*—another British native. This variety I have never seen, but it is said to be very beautiful, and is especially recommended for growing in semi-shady places.

British gardeners may hug themselves in a smug ecstasy of insular pride—if they so wish—in the realisation that among all the many species of *Rubus* in cultivation (Bean describes over fifty), the common British bramble in its pink and its white double-flowered varieties is almost certainly the most beautiful and decorative. The American *Rubus deliciosus*, with its large

white blossoms like single roses, is perhaps one of the most decorative species, whilst the Asiatic brambles, with sheaves of tall, dazzling white stems, looking as though they had been whitewashed, can give startling and picturesque effects if planted and grouped in the right way. But I have seen no *Rubus* which can compare, for all-round charm and beauty, with our own double pink variety.

It is the same story with the various fruiting *Berberis*, of which so many brilliant and colourful species have come from the Far East during the last half-century. Without wishing to detract in any way from their glories—that would be a hopeless task—I am firmly of opinion that our native barberry, *Berberis vulgaris*, when seen at its best, is a finer and more brilliant thing than the finest of the Asiatic species. I formed this opinion some years ago, when on a perfect autumn day I visited, with a friend, what was then the finest collection of fruiting *berberis* species in the country. The bushes were heavily laden with masses of their lovely, translucent berries, in every shade and tone from pink to scarlet. It was a truly astonishing display, and we went from bush to bush, taking down endless names, trying to decide which were the finest, and becoming thoroughly bemused amid so many types of splendour. In the end we both spotted at the same moment, at a distance of 50 yards, one single bush which left no doubt in either of our minds as to which was the finest of them all. It was a shapely 8-ft. bush whose branches were arched and weighed down with ropes of translucent scarlet berries. Regardless of grammar, we both cried "That's him!", or words to that effect, and together we hurried forward to look at the label, which read *Berberis vulgaris*. Amid all that concourse of imported Oriental splendour, the common or vulgar British barberry was unquestionably the most brilliant and the most beautiful.



"IN MID-AUGUST I FOUND THAT IT WAS IN FLOWER, AND REALISED FOR THE FIRST TIME WHAT A REALLY DELIGHTFUL THING IT IS, BOTH AS A FLOWERING SHRUB IN THE GARDEN AND ALSO AS A CUT FLOWER FOR THE HOUSE": THE PINK DOUBLE-FLOWERED BRITISH BRAMBLE *RUBUS ULMIFOLIUS* VAR. *BELLIDIFLORUS*. THE FULLY-OPEN FLOWERS LOOK RATHER LIKE DOUBLE DAISIES OF A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE, CLEAR, SOFT ROSE COLOUR. Reproduced from "The Garden," by courtesy of The Royal Horticultural Society.

the last time I was passing that way. It is, I would say, a shrub which requires a good deal of room. The specimen from which my plant came, in the form of a cutting, was growing planted out in rough grass—scythed perhaps once a year—and measured three or four yards through, and 7 or 8 ft. high. It was evidently an aged specimen, and had become a dome of loveliness when in flower, and an impenetrable jungle of arching stems, armed with innumerable thorns like needle-sharp claws. A shrub well able to take care of itself, and not one with which to attempt liberties.

I planted my young double bramble at the foot of a low stone wall at the north end of my garden, and then left it to its own devices. Hardly could I have given it a tougher start in life. The soil is a heart-breaking mixture of putty-like clay and lime-stone rubble, supporting a dense and hearty nettle population. A week or two after the planting, nettles had closed in and my bramble was swallowed up in



"ARCHED AND WEIGHED DOWN WITH ROPES OF TRANSLUCENT SCARLET BERRIES": OUR NATIVE BARBERRY, *BERBERIS VULGARIS*, WHICH, IN MR. ELLIOTT'S OPINION, IS, AT ITS BEST, A FINER AND MORE BRILLIANT THING THAN THE FINEST OF THE ASIATIC SPECIES.

Photograph by Reginald A. Malby and Co.

THE EUROPEAN GAMES AT BERNE.



WINNER OF ONE OF BRITAIN'S THREE GOLD MEDALS: MISS T. HOPKINS (CENTRE), WHO WON THE WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP (5 FT. 5½ INS.); (RIGHT) BALAZS (RUMANIA) (2); (LEFT) MODRACHOVA (CZECHOSLOVAKIA) (3).



(LEFT) MISS J. DESFORGES (GREAT BRITAIN), WHO WAS FIRST AND WON THE GOLD MEDAL FOR THE WOMEN'S LONG JUMP (19 FT. 9½ INS.—A NEW RECORD FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIPS). (RIGHT) MISS A. CHUDINA (RUSSIA) (2).



WINNING GREAT BRITAIN'S THIRD GOLD MEDAL IN MAGNIFICENT STYLE: R. G. BANNISTER (RIGHT) WINNING THE 1500 METRES IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD TIME OF 3 MINS. 43.8 SECS. FROM NIELSEN (DENMARK) (2) AND JUNGWIRTH (CZECHOSLOVAKIA) (3).



(LEFT) THE RUSSIAN, KUTZ, WINNING THE 5000 METRES IN THE WORLD RECORD TIME OF 13 MINS. 56.6 SECS.; AND (RIGHT) CHATAWAY, OF GREAT BRITAIN, BEATING THE CZECH, ZATOPEK, FOR SECOND PLACE IN THIS AMAZING RACE.



The most remarkable feature of the European Athletic Championships held at Berne on August 24-29 was the way in which the board was swept by Russia, whose athletes won 16 of the 35 gold medals offered. In the unofficial points championship, Russia was first with 269 points, Great Britain (whose athletes secured three gold medals) being second with 100½ points. Great Britain's three gold medals were for the women's long and high jumps, won respectively by Miss Jean Desforbes and Miss Thelma Hopkins, and for the 1500 metres, won by R. G. Bannister. In the 4 x 400 metres relay Great Britain finished first but was disqualified. Bannister's win in the 1500 metres was brilliantly judged and he finished in his best style, to win decisively by about five yards from the Dane, Nielsen. Perhaps the most remarkable race, however, was the 5000 metres, in which Zatopek, who had previously won the 10,000 metres, was expected to be the main challenger. The Russian, Kutz, however, took a long lead early which he held and increased, and the challenge by Chataway and Zatopek came too late, Kutz eventually winning by about 100 yards.

LABOUR PARTY DELEGATES IN CHINA.

The Labour Party delegation, including most notably Mr. Attlee, Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Dr. Edith Summerskill, which has been visiting China at the invitation of the Chinese Government, arrived at Peking Airport on August 14 and was greeted by a reception of about fifty officials, including the Mayor of Peking and the Vice-Foreign Minister, Mr. Chan Han-fu. On the following day they were met by Mr. Chou En-lai, the Foreign Minister, and dined in his company with the Pakistan Ambassador. On August 16 Mr. Chou En-lai gave an elaborate banquet for the Labour delegation in the Hall of Magnanimity; and during the next few days the party paid various visits in the neighbourhood of Peking. On August 20 they left for Mukden, Anshan and Tangshan, to see the progress made by the Chinese in heavy industry; and after returning to Peking were received on August 24 by Mao Tse-tung, the chairman of the Central People's Government. On August 26 they flew to Shanghai, where at a banquet given by the Mayor, Mr. Attlee toasted Anglo-Chinese friendship and trade. On August 29 they travelled by rail to Hangchow, which they were to leave on August 31 for Canton.



REFRESHMENT UNDER THE TREES AT THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING, AFTER AN AFTERNOON'S SIGHTSEEING. (SECOND FROM LEFT) MR. ANEURIN BEVAN; EXTREME RIGHT, MR. ATTLEE AND DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL.



AT THE RECEPTION BY MAO TSE-TUNG (WITH FAN): MR. WILFRID BURKE (LEFT), DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL (BEHIND), MR. ATTLEE (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND MR. SAM WATSON (RIGHT).



GREETED ON HIS ARRIVAL IN CHINA: MR. ATTLEE AT THE PEKING AIRPORT, WHERE THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE INCLUDED THE MAYOR AND THE VICE-FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. CHAN HAN-FU.

MAN'S ACTIVITIES AND PREOCCUPATIONS: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE HELICOPTER'S PART IN MODERN FIRE-FIGHTING TECHNIQUE: A DEMONSTRATION IN CALIFORNIA SHOWING HOW A HOSE CAN BE LAID FROM THE AIR. In California a helicopter recently gave a demonstration of how a fire-hose could be laid from the air, thus making it possible to place this fire-fighting equipment across terrain too rough or too hot for ground crews. The aircraft is shown carrying the hose swiftly to the top of a steep hill.



TRADITIONAL AMERICAN DANCES IN LONDON: THE SCENE ON THE MAIN LAWN AT THE FESTIVAL GARDENS ON AUGUST 28, WHEN THERE WAS A DEMONSTRATION BY DANCERS SENT BY THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SQUARE DANCE CLUBS, TO SHOW THAT THE REAL AMERICAN WAY IS SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE HILL-BILLY TYPE.



AFTER COMING INTO COLLISION WITH THE DANISH MOTOR VESSEL *URUGUAY* IN THE THAMES ESTUARY IN FOG ON AUGUST 27; THE NEW CABLE SHIP *RECORDER*.

The new cable ship *Recorder* (3300 tons), owned by Cable and Wireless, and only launched on May 3, was badly holed on her starboard side when she came in collision with the Danish motor-vessel *Uruguay* (4625 tons) near the mid-Barrow Light, in the Thames Estuary, on August 27. There was fog at the time, and though the damage to both vessels was considerable, there were no casualties. The *Recorder* was able to proceed under her own steam at reduced speed up the river and anchored in the lower reaches of the Thames.



THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE OF THE ARCTIC FORCED; THE AMERICAN ICE-BREAKER *BURTON ISLAND* WHICH PASSED MCCLURE STRAIT IN BOTH DIRECTIONS BETWEEN AUGUST 11 AND 19.

Two American ice-breakers forced a passage through McClure Strait, western entrance to the North-West passage of the Arctic between Melville and Banks Island. *Burton Island* (Commander Everett A. Trickey) passed through in both directions; *Northwind* entered from the Arctic Ocean and forced a southern passage between August 13 and 21.



LEADER OF THE ITALIAN EXPEDITION WHICH CONQUERED THE HIMALAYAN PEAK K.2, OR MOUNT GODWIN-AUSTEN, AND HAS BEEN HONOURED BY PAKISTAN; PROFESSOR DESIO.

Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, Governor-General of Pakistan, has presented gold medals to the Italian climbers who scaled K.2, or Mount Godwin-Austen (28,250 ft.), in July. Our photograph shows the expedition leader, Professor Desio, smiling after the victory. The two men who reached the Peak (their names have not been revealed at the time of writing) ran out of oxygen an hour before attaining the summit.



ESCORTED BY ARMED TRIBAL HORSEMEN; THE KING OF THE YEMEN, THE IMAM (RIGHT), DRIVING IN AN OPEN CAR WITH HIS GUEST, KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA.

King Saud ibn Abdul-Aziz of Saudi Arabia paid a State visit to the King of the Yemen early in August. Our photograph shows the two monarchs at San'a, capital of the Yemen, driving in an open car escorted by mounted armed tribesmen. The bicycle on the left adds a Western touch to the scene.

PAKISTAN'S TERRIBLE FLOODS, AND OTHER NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



TAKING OFF FROM LYPNE AIRPORT, KENT, FOR THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL HELICOPTER FLIGHT TO BE MADE BY A BRITISH AIRLINE: A WESTLAND SIKORSKY S.51 OF SILVER CITY AIRWAYS, BOUND FOR CALAIS. Silver City Airways, the first British company to open a cross-Channel aerial car ferry, on August 27 made an initial helicopter proving flight between Lypne, Kent, and Calais, the first of a series of experimental crossings in preparation for inaugurating a freight service with rotary-wing aircraft in April 1955.



APPROVED BY THE QUEEN: THE COAT-OF-ARMS FOR THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND. The Queen has approved the grant of a coat-of-arms to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, having a sable antelope for Southern Rhodesia, a fish eagle for Northern Rhodesia and a leopard for Nyasaland. The sun, lion and the wavy palets—representing Victoria Falls—are taken from the coats-of-arms of the Federation's three constituent members.



A VIEW OF AN AREA NEAR Dacca, IN EAST PAKISTAN, WHICH HAS BEEN DEVASTATED BY FLOODS, CAUSING WIDESPREAD LOSS OF LIFE AND DESTRUCTION OF HOMES, LIVESTOCK AND CROPS. Countless thousands of people have been left homeless by the floods which have devastated parts of East Pakistan, North and North-East India, and Nepal during the past six weeks. The Brahmaputra River, swollen in parts to thirteen miles wide, and its tributaries have flooded vast areas in East Pakistan, including low-lying districts of Dacca, the capital, which has a population of 411,000. Britain has allocated £100,000 for flood relief in the stricken areas.



DEDICATING THE "CHRIST OF THE DEEP": A SCENE AT SAN FRUTTUOSO BAY BEFORE THE STATUE WAS LOWERED TO THE SEA-BED. On August 29 Mass was celebrated on a floating steel raft in San Fruttuoso Bay, near Portofino, in Italy, during the dedication ceremonies of a bronze statue, which was later lowered into the sea. The 8-ft.-high statue of Christ, depicted with arms outstretched, was anchored on a 75-ton base on the sea-bed.



THE SERGE DIAGHILEV EXHIBITION AT THE EDINBURGH COLLEGE OF ART: A VIEW OF THE PORTRAIT ROOM. THE VISITOR ON THE RIGHT IS EXAMINING THE DEATH-MASK OF DIAGHILEV. To commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Serge Diaghilev, the great impresario, an exhibition, "Homage to Diaghilev," was opened at the Edinburgh College of Art on August 22. Directed by Mr. Richard Buckle, the exhibition includes designs for scenery and costumes made for the Diaghilev Ballet, and tableaux illustrating the changing fashions in dress and decoration during the twenty years of Diaghilev's activity.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE point where fiction becomes autobiography is ill-defined, and in some cases a toss-up. Then, it may be a problem to discriminate. But I should never have thought of worrying about "Heart On The Left," by Leonhard Frank (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.). And in a sense there is no call; the author firmly describes it as "this novel," and surely he can be the judge. Besides, its leading character is "Michael Vierkant." But then one can't help asking—Why is he Michael Vierkant, when all his works, "Brother and Sister," "Carl and Anna," and the rest, are the explicit property of Mr. Frank? I can't think why, unless to shuffle off responsibility—and that would hardly be playing fair. As a fictitious narrative, the book would lose a great deal of its point; therefore, why not be frank about it? "Michael" has started out from zero; he is a last, unwanted child of need, the butt of a sadistic schoolmaster, and an acknowledged dunce. He sits alone on the back bench—too stupid ever to be called on. And the result is complete self-despair, chequered by fierce, unconscious efforts to destroy himself. After a long, long time, this apathy gives way to an internal pressure, a nameless longing to "be something." Only he can't imagine what—until one day, years afterwards, painting occurs to him. Being thought of, it is in the bag. He spends the summer painting posts (a brief but telling interlude), and then sets out for Munich with a capital of 60 marks—"more than enough to become a painter and, of course, the greatest of all."

And that is only the first chapter. But the early scenes, full of the glow and nonsense of aspiring youth, have infinitely the most charm. Michael's real home in Munich is the Café Stephanie—a nest of artists and anarchists, poets without talent and thinkers sodden with cocaine, who, night by night, argue interminably. After a year of this, Michael is educated; moreover, he has loved and lost—and has decided painting was the wrong idea. So then he moves on to Berlin. The life of Berlin is "electric," but its terms are cash; and after sleeping on a park bench in a downpour, Michael would give up hope, but for a saving access of insanity. Of course, he is the greatest of men! He will be an artist without peer.

Nor does the mood abandon him. It is in this conviction that he works on his first novel—still penniless, now with an ailing wife, and learning as he goes along. It makes him famous at a bound, and he is not surprised. And after that there is no struggle for existence. It is replaced by the world-struggle; and the most brilliant episodes are his internment by the French, and his escape from Quimper to the Pyrenees. The whole book is condensed and visible, as he thinks right—but less detached than he thinks right.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Visit," by Jean Matheson (Collins; 12s. 6d.), combines the charm of a "nice book" (and a distinguished specimen of the nice book) with an effect of eeriness and glamour. It is Christmas Eve when Susan Standish, unheralded and unexplained, walks into Slat End House. She might be "a newly-created being." . . . In fact, she is newly created. We saw it happen in the bus. When she got on, it was as though "the thin December fog had clotted into the shape of a woman"; and now she is rapt, floating, vital . . . possibly a little sly? For the good sisters, red, knobby Tib and fat, pink Lilsy, had no room for her. They don't take strangers; and anyhow, they are full up. This they repeatedly explain; and at the end, Susan walks in.

To the disgust of cousin Agatha—who is unmoved by the darned gloves, but quick in spotting the attaché case marked T. I. K. She is the one who detects Susan as a thief. While Mr. Quinby, a pasty Midlander with a defeated zeal for the Black Art, pounces in rapture on her "gift." His Susan is a dowdy, radiant anomaly—mentally ten years old, but unmistakably clairvoyante. And Mr. Leaf sees her as lovable. He is himself a staid young man, nervous of contacts, and she appeals to him like sunshine. Yet he is scared as well: not by her faults, her irresponsibility and perhaps worse, but by her extraordinary moodiness. Suddenly, she can turn into a different being—a sick, sad thing, horribly unattractive, and a gulf of gloom. Though she declares that is Teresa . . .

Split personality, in short; why hush it up? Teresa is the good girl in collapse, Susan the candid animal, the hidden child. And they are fighting desperately for the one body. . . . It is a dramatic feud, with a most lively vehicle in Slat End House; though, perhaps oddly, I was on Teresa's side.

"The Love Eaters," by Mary Lee Settle (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), might also have been called *The Visit*. Selby has burst upon the small town of Canona, in the Alleghanies, like an embodied wish. Jim Dodd was pining for a son—not that he spoke of it—and lo! he has a son: the lost child of an early marriage. And he remains intoxicated. It never strikes him that the boy is separate and grown up; that he has a past, a character; that he has not really "come home." And Selby tries to be at home. But he can't do it—or resist angling for love. He is not only Jim's, but everybody's "dream boy"; everyone yearns for him, and Marty, his obligatory "mother," is reduced to ashes.

There is a focal point in the Canona Thespians and their new, crippled chief, and a grand climax with the theatre aflame. But Selby is not wholly realised; it is the background to-and-fro, the picture of small-town society, that makes the book.

"The Narrowing Circle," by Julian Symons (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is, in the first place, perfectly devised. Dave, the narrator, a slick, cool, soreheaded arriviste, has a job in Gross Enterprises—a "book factory" supplying Romance, Crime, Westerns and Science Fiction on the conveyor belt. Dave works on Crime, with a detested colleague, Willie Strayte; and he is now relying on a step up. But it is Strayte who gets the plum, and the next day Strayte has been murdered. And Dave not only looks suspicious; he is meant to swing. So he turns sleuth in his own cause. The answer he works out—via the "Kline-Ross file" and its forgotten drama—fits expectation like a glove; on top of which, the whole thing is a brilliant story, in the embittered-American vein.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A BEAST OF A KING—AND THE QUEEN'S BEASTS.

I HAVE recorded on other occasions my dislike of the ruthless, selfish tyrant who was Henry VIII. This dislike stems from the cruelty of his religious policy conducted purely for reasons of private gain and originating in personal lust. Nevertheless, in his early days he must have seemed a splendid and dazzling figure so that an Italian could write to Isabella D'Este: "in short, the wealth and civilisation of the world are here; and those who call the English barbarians appear to me to render themselves such. I here perceive very elegant manners, extreme decorum, and very great politeness; and amongst other things there is this most invincible king, whose acquirements and qualities are so many and excellent that I consider him to excel all who ever wore a crown." It is to Henry as the supreme patron of the arts that we owe the first great florescence of our artistic heritage in the field

of portraiture, but in Tudor times, as Miss Erna Auerbach points out in "Tudor Artists" (University of London; 70s.), the artist had to be an all-rounder and was indistinguishable from any other artist-craftsman. Portraiture, architecture, stonemasonry, glorified house painting, the design of furniture and particularly of the decorations for the masks and revels which were such a feature of Tudor times, were all expected to come alike to him. Indeed, Hans Holbein's first job in England appears to have been doing decorative painting for some revels at Greenwich in 1527. Nicholas Hilliard, the great Court painter of Queen Elizabeth's time, was a goldsmith whom we find working on such varied matters as a miniature portrait of Queen Elizabeth, a wood-engraving of the Duke and Duchess of Nevers, the making of the Great Seal and "a faire picture in greate" of the Queen. Miss Auerbach, however, introduces us to a remarkable and, I think, little-known aspect of the art of the Tudor portraitist. These are the portraits on documents, which became such a feature under the Tudors and continued through the reigns of the Stuarts until half-way through that of Charles II. The bulk of these portraits are to be found in the Plea Rolls of the King's Bench, in which the initial "P" of *Placita* provides the frame for an illuminated royal portrait. As the excellent illustrations to this book show, the variety and beauty of these miniature portraits are quite extraordinary. So, too, is the excellence of the likenesses. We see Henry VIII. growing older and more bloated; Mary looking devotedly at her Philip II., and Elizabeth, the young girl, gradually changing into the sharp-faced, suspicious woman of her maturity and old age. Altogether, a most interesting and valuable book.

The Tudor sergeant-painters and Court artists would indeed have approved of "The Queen's Beasts," which were such a feature of the Coronation at the Abbey. And why should they not? For the "Queen's Beasts" are designed to recapture the spirit, though not the exact form, of the "King's Beasts" made for Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, 400 years ago, restorations of which are set up at Hampton Court, where the "Queen's Beasts" have gone to join them. The "King's Beasts" would not, as Sir George Bellew, Garter King at Arms, points out in a foreword to "The Queen's Beasts" (Neame; 8s. 6d.), have been wholly suitable, as some of them bear small relationship to the descent of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. The ten heraldic figures sculptured by Mr. James Woodford, R.A., were in stone. Now, under the direction of Mr. H. Stanford London, F.S.A. (Norfolk Herald Extraordinary), and at the hands of Messrs. Edward Bawden and Cecil Keeling, they are reproduced in this delightful book in their full heraldic colours. The Lion of England, the Griffin of Edward III., the Falcon of the Plantagenets, the Black Bull of Clarence, the White Lion of Mortimer, the Yale of Beaufort, the White Greyhound of Richmond, the Red Dragon of Wales, the Unicorn of Scotland and the White Horse of Hanover are all there. Anybody attracted by heraldry will be deeply interested in this book and the ordinary reader will find it both pleasing to the eye and an admirable supplement to the many publications which appeared in connection with the Coronation. Congratulations, too, to the Shell Petroleum Company which has sponsored this book and thus appears once more as a patron of the arts. For so distinguished is the printing and so admirable the colour reproductions that I cannot believe it could have been produced economically at the absurdly low price charged for it.

Mr. Hugh Braun, the author of "The Restoration of Old Houses" (Faber; 16s.), is an architect whose work in the practical field from which his book takes its title is well known. This book deals largely with technical questions on which I am not capable of judging. But there is much of it of interest to the historian and the general reader. As Mr. Braun says, neither the architect without historical knowledge nor the antiquary without technical knowledge is capable of advising on, or supervising the restoration of, ancient buildings. The work can only be successfully carried out as the result of an alliance between the two. It is sad to think how far specialisation has gone since the artist-craftsman of the Tudors when one finds Mr. Braun saying bluntly that: "The modern architect has hardly time for aesthetics—certainly none for antiquities. These must be left to the amateur and the dilettante—or the trained

archæologist with a taste for historic buildings . . . the architect of to-day is not interested in wasting his talent—to say nothing of his long and arduous training—in propping up ancient relics." Mr. Braun is, however, a rare bird in that he is an architect with a highly developed historic and aesthetic taste. At a time when so much of our national heritage is falling into decay as the result of our determination to spend on to-day's false teeth the accumulated savings of our ancestors, it is heartening to find an architect who says that the purpose of restoration "is the preservation of the work of our ancestors, in whose name we are trustees for our descendants. Expediency may not be considered, nor may aesthetics, should these conflict with the same. We are custodians of the irreplaceable."

Another book on architecture, and one most suitable for the beginner, is "A Dictionary of English Domestic Architecture," by A. L. Osborne (Country Life; 21s.). The author illustrates his dictionary (indeed it would be of little value without it) with 200 excellent drawings of his own. The amateur or the student will find it quite invaluable.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is a game from the 1954 British Championship which is in progress in the pretty surroundings of Nottingham University as I write. It was played in Round 6 which Hooper had reached with a score of 4½, Barden with only 4. The result consequently reversed their placings.

QUEEN'S PAWN, NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
L. W.	D. V.	L. W.	D. V.
BARDEN	HOOPER	BARDEN	HOOPER
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	6. Kt-K2	B-K2
2. P-QB4	P-K3	7. Castles	Castles
3. Kt-QB3	B-K5	8. P-QR3	P×P
4. P-K3	P-B4	9. P×P	B-K2
5. B-Q3	P-QK3	10. Kt-B4	P-Q3

Better than 10. . . P-Q4, as it leaves open the line of Black's best-placed piece, his QB, and also deters White from posting a piece on his K5. But Black's position is somewhat congested and his action along the QB file is not going to compare with the king's side attack which White can engineer from his greater command of the centre squares.

11. R-K1	QKt-Q2	15. QR-Q1	B-R3
12. P-QK4	R-K1	16. Q-K2	Q-B2
13. B-K2	Kt-B1	17. Kt-Kt5!	
14. Q-Q2	R-B1		

A bold move, for Black's next move saddles White with a slightly inferior pawn position.

17. . . . B×Kt 18. P×B

Now, in the far-distant end-game, White's 3 to 2 majority of pawns on the queen's wing could never produce a passed pawn, as it contains two doubled pawns. Black's 2 to 1 majority in the middle, on the other hand, might. But Black's lovely bishop has disappeared; White's bishops calmly veto any action on the open QB file, and White is readier than ever to swoop on the king's side (for instance, several white squares hitherto under surveillance by Black's QB are now military highways freely at White's disposal). Black's next is virtually forced; if he allowed 19. P-Q5 there would be episcopal fury . . .

18. . . . P-Q4	21. Kt-Kt5	Q-Kt2
19. P-Kt3	B-Q3	22. Kt-B3
20. Kt-R3	Q-Q2	Kt-K5

This contributes to Black's collapse, as it facilitates the opening of White's QB's diagonal. But Black must do something—try out a few moves and you will realise he is in a box-constrictor's grip.

23. R-QB1	P-B4	24. R-B6!	Kt-Q2
24. . . . R×R;	25. P×R, Q×P?	loses by	

26. B-Kt5.

25. . . . BP×B might just have held the game. After 26. R×B, P×Kt; there would be nothing better than 27. Q×BP but winning a poor pawn.

26. Kt-Kt5	R×R	29. Q-B7ch	K-R1
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There is no adequate parry to the threats of 27. R×B and 27. Q-R5.

27. P×R	Q×P		
28. Q-R5	Kt-B3		



30. P-Q5! Resigns

If, for instance, 30. . . . Q-R5 (to keep guard on the rook which is threatened by 31. B×Kt); 31. B×Kt, P×B allows mate on the move. If 30. . . . R-KB1, simply 31. P×Q.

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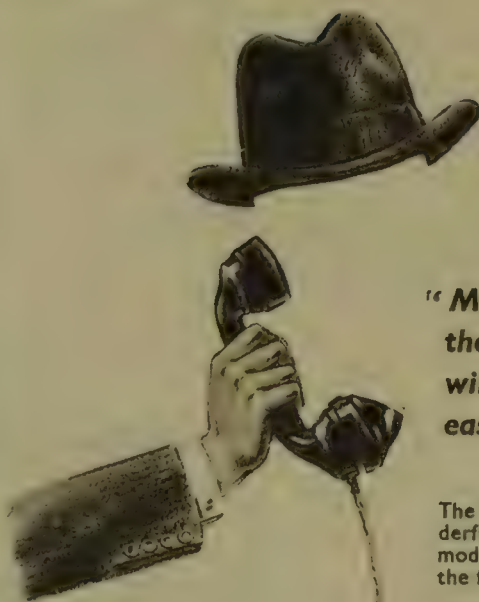
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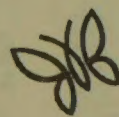
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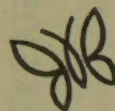
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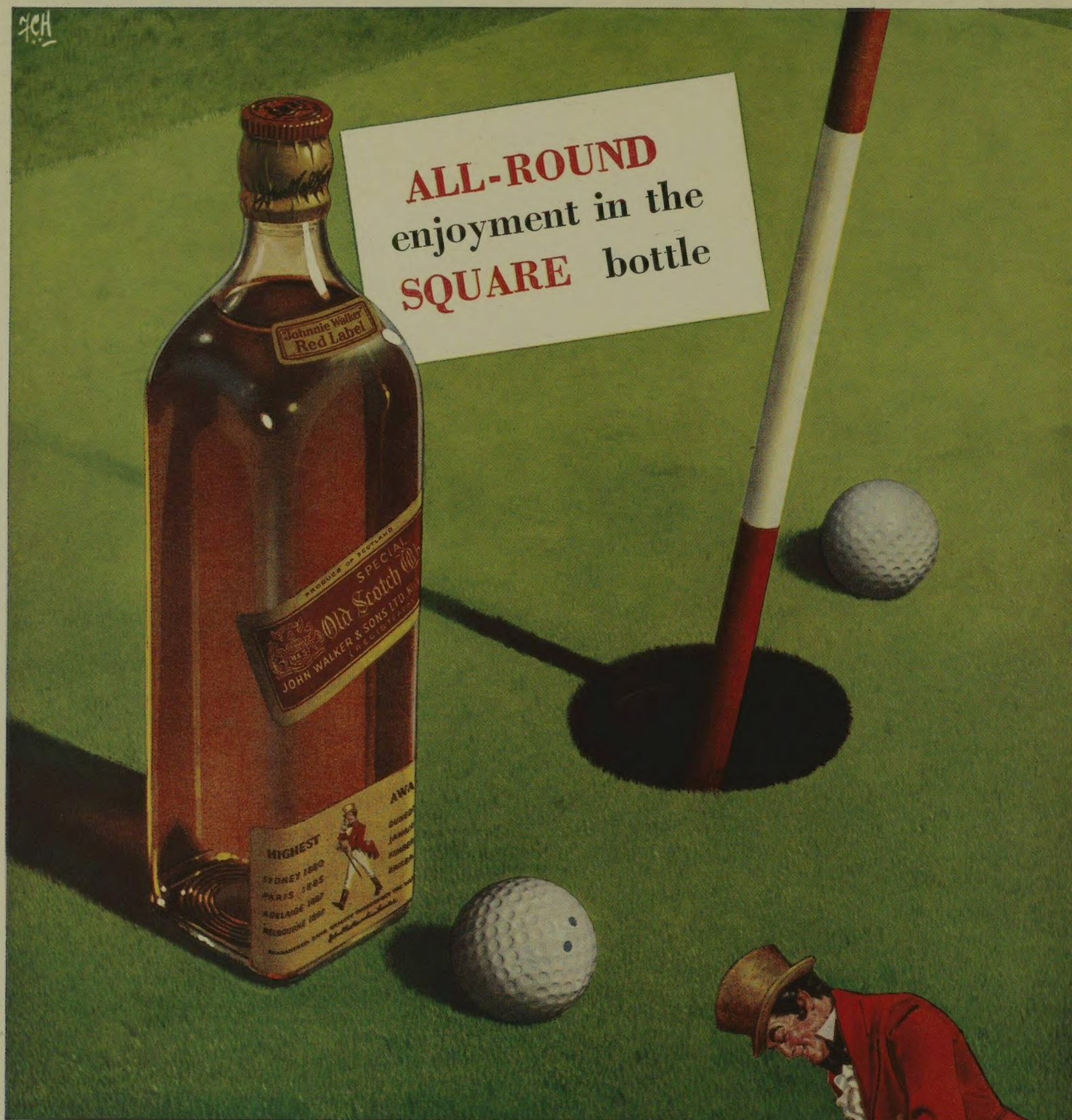
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